
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

MRS. LOWRY.

THE lady, whose portrait is prefixed to the present number of the Museum, is distinguished for her scientific attainments. She is the widow of the late Wilson Lowry, F. R. S., an eminent engraver, who has left more monuments of his skill, as an artist, than almost any of his professional brethren. During nearly twenty years, he was engaged on the plates of the last edition of Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia; and among other works of importance, with which he was occupied, may be mentioned the graphic illustrations of Wilkins's *Magna Græcie*, and those of Nicholson's *Architectural Dictionary*.*

Mrs. Lowry is of Spanish descent, her family being related to that of the celebrated General Miranda. That branch of the Miranda family, to which Mrs. Lowry's father belonged, took the designation of Delvalle, to distinguish it from another branch called Miranda del Monte. She is aunt to the late David Ricardo, Esq. M.P. whose works on political economy have cast new light on the subject, and whose opinions have been listened to, and acted on, by the first statesmen of the age.

This lady, at one period, devoted her talents to the instruction

* Mr. Lowry was not only enthusiastically attached to his profession, which he improved by some important inventions, but he was also well skilled in anatomy, was acquainted with the principles of medicine, and was deeply versed in mineralogy and geology. In 1812 he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and he likewise belonged to the Geological Society. He died, after a long illness, June 23rd, 1824. Some plates left unfinished at his decease, were completed by his son, Mr. Joseph Lowry, in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and to the reputation of his family.

of her own sex, in mathematical science. Such a pursuit would, formerly, have been regarded as extremely preposterous in a female: but the age of ignorance is now gone by, and knowledge in either man or woman is more justly appreciated. The following remarks on geometry, from a recent publication,* are more or less applicable to most branches of science.—“Though geometry, at least to any useful extent, does not usually form a part of the education of females, yet it is highly valuable to them, not only for the mental exercise which it affords, and the utter impossibility of understanding natural philosophy, astronomy, or geography without it; but because of its great use in making them understand the nature and application of forms, and of the assistance which it is calculated to afford in those little elegant arts and arrangements which come so largely and so properly under the management of females. It is not meant to be said, that every lady ought to be a Donna Agnesi, or that she should even pass through the common school routine of the science; but still a definition of the leading terms, and some knowledge of the simple principles, are absolutely necessary, both to prevent a lady from hearing, and from using, words of which she does not know the meaning.”

The connection is so intimate between mathematical and physical science, that those who cultivate the one are seldom unacquainted with the other. Mrs. Lowry has bestowed much attention on both; but, for several years past, she has chiefly been occupied in affording assistance to persons desirous of becoming conversant with mineralogy and geology, and in arranging mineralogical collections.

Mrs. Lowry, previously to the formation of her collection of minerals, paid much attention to Chemistry, having not only attended many courses of lectures on that branch of science, but also performing various series of experiments at home. These were, in a great degree, connected with the application of Chemistry to the arts; and particularly, to the preparation of oil and water colours, for painting, and of colours for glass staining, in which last pursuit, Mrs. Lowry more especially excelled, but her health would not admit of her continuing the occupation.

* The Complete Governess, 1826, 8vo. p. 184.

THE ARRIVAL.

Nothing can be more common than the birth of a child; it is the stale occurrence of every day. Though the Malthusian philosophy inspires the world with a just horror on the subject, neither national nor individual poverty prevents arrivals of this description, however mal-a-propos. Children swarm, not only in the village, but in the town; careless whether they fight with the evils of existence under the banner of the red rose or the white, whether as hardy plants or sickly exotics. To them it appears immaterial whether they enter life to be caressed, maintained, and portioned; or disliked, neglected, and starved; whether they are to be idolized by fond mothers and doting grandsires, or be the abhorred of legacy-hunting relatives, and the unconscious tormentors of bachelor acquaintance. 'Tis all the same to them; on they come in shoals, as if certain "that each new fool was welcome as the former," and that every tiny hand bore a commission to "push us from our stools," and in due time reign paramount in our places.

Yet rail at them as we may, common-creatures as they are, boasting no novelty as foreigners from a distant clime, or as creatures endued with extraordinary properties, it is yet certain that no one occurrence in human life has ever interested any of us so much as the birth of a child. The poorest and rudest father well remembers every circumstance connected with his own emotions at that eventful period of his existence, for his heart had then a softness which poverty could not harden, a tender enjoyment which even fear could not diminish.

Without supposing, for a moment, that the most lowly among our brethren are deficient in those sweet virtuous affections which belong to our common nature, we may yet be allowed to consider the birth of a child as a matter of greater importance in a family where title, wealth, ancient descent, and acquired celebrity, alike render a progeny desirable. Such a circumstance has lately occurred in the village where we reside, and has unquestionably excited as strong a sensation throughout every family, as if a child was not only a very extraordinary creature, but as if every person had an indivi-

dual interest in the one expected. The worthy couple to whom this was born, have been married nearly ten years, without any prospect of such an event. The gentleman is the heir to an ancient baronetcy, and the only one of his family who has entered the matrimonial pale, being indeed a confirmed bachelor when his heart (naturally enough) yielded to the charms of a very lovely young ward, whose father had been his friend. Of course, the affair in question became one of nearly equal moment to his invalid brother and his maiden sisters; and of his parents, it might be truly said, that, on this great occasion,

"Joy seized their withered veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting sun shone on their evening hours;"

for both appeared to grow young beneath its influence; and as their daughters are decidedly literary, and in communication with all the first authors and blues in the country, never were more pens and tongues called into action by a similar event, short of royalty.

Happy women were the miller's wife and the blacksmith's, for they calculated on being confined at the same time with Madam, and would unquestionably have felt themselves entitled to all her indulgences and even her airs, had she thought proper to use her sex's privilege by adopting them. Unluckily, our fair friend, having at once a strong and cultivated mind, and a fine constitution, got on wonderfully well, in despite of advice enough to kill a thousand; and the fears which blanched the cheeks of her anxious sisters-in-law, reached not her: she was, in a two-fold sense, the life of the whole family; and in her uncomplaining endurance of actual suffering, and her total indifference to unknown or ideal evils, exhibited woman in her most amiable and endearing character—the quiet heroism of patience and goodness.

In one point only was she naughty—she wished to be the mother of a girl; but so wisely did she time the wish—under such modifications did she bring it forward, that, one by one, all the family, and even Sir Hugh himself, began to fancy they should like a girl. The ladies, of course, preferred their own sex, seeing that they had never condescended to accept one of the other (being fine women and finely portioned, no doubt they had been often tempted)—the bachelor brother, who had

studied as a barrister, devised means for perpetuating the name in that case; and the father cared, or said, "he cared not how it was, if Emily did well." Well might he say so, for our worthy friend is (with a thousand good qualities and even great virtues) a thoroughly bookish man; and when a fine young woman with a fine fortune to play with, allows such a man to be quite happy in his own way, well may he consider her a jewel of the first water.

I am, in fact, not quite sure that on the first blush of this business our worthy friend was satisfied that the arrival of that stranger, whose "little, strong embrace," was so warmly anticipated by the rest of his family, would be found equally agreeable to himself. Of children he knew absolutely nothing, all learned as he was; they were those "things in heaven and earth" that his philosophy had not taught him. He had ceased to wish for them, and think of them; and whatever his father might, he seemed to us, neighbours, as easy about posterity as posterity was about him; rather, I should say, he was too busy with securing its praise for his works, to think of providing for the continuance of his name amongst it, in the ordinary way.—Perhaps all gentlemen authors are subject to this; were they not, we should have few children of the brain produced on large estates.

He was engaged, in short, and happy; could then a change, even a pleasant one, be agreeable? In youth, all change has a charm, but a time comes when some men will hardly change a waistcoat when they can help it; and it was to me evident, that it required all the love of the husband, and the natural urbanity of a most benevolent man, to endure with unmoved muscles, the influx of company, cards, and caps; the clack of nurses, the importance of matrons, the anxieties of friends, the presents of misses, the wisdom of mammas, the good wishes of the dames who peopled his once secluded walks, and the croaking of those old cronies who kindly prognosticated evil, that they might impress him with the belief of their solicitude.

It so happened, that the important little personage, so anxiously expected by all, from the highest and the wisest, down to the lowest and most ignorant, put off its appearance from day to day, with all the caprice so common to the spoiled children of fortune, permitting the lusty son of the miller, and the

puny daughter of the blacksmith, to take the precedence. A thousand reports arose in consequence, which were bandied about from house to house, from hall to cottage; all were alarmed, all inspired with fears of one kind or other;—some had thought things had never gone right from the first, the lady had been too well, too cheerful: his honour had seen it, poor man! for he had not looked, over and above, happy for months.—Others had had dreams and heard sounds, which indicated sorrow to the family; nay, even prophecies were remembered, which went to prove that Sir Hugh could not have an uneven number of descendants; in which case, it was evident, that we must expect twins or nothing, and the seers inclined to believe the worst.

These conjectures were relieved suddenly one morning, by the arrival of a lovely girl, whose health and strength were equal to her beauty. What a change was instantly communicated through the whole of our little republic!—all were alive, all joyous, for as the death of the Dutchess of Rutland had been talked over in sorrowing phrase the very day before, awakening our warmest sympathy for the fair mistress of Elve-grove, and bringing the possibility of her loss home to our bosoms, so now our joy was proportionately excited, and we felt as if she were insured to us in answer to our prayers and fears.

Most happily, the “as well as can be expected,” continued to cheer us; the two aunts (we cannot call them young ladies) flew, in answer to the welcome tidings, to visit their neice in their double capacity of relations and literati, bringing presents of laced robes and systems of education. The old baronet and his lady followed so soon as the gout permitted, and with tears and smiles, welcomed the heiress, canvassed her features as those which resembled her ancestry in gone-by times, and then kissed the lovely mother, and wished her child might resemble her. But the pleasure of the father himself is the most amusing thing; it is so real, that you read it in every movement, and he moves continually, for the literati itself cannot contain him, yet with a true English taste he does his very best to hide it. This was more especially the case when, with an affectation of brotherly politeness, he accompanied that relation to pay his respects to the mother and her babe. It was curious to see two men of their description so drawn out of their usual habits and pursuits, so driven, as

it were, to find themselves living in their hearts, and brought thither by a claimant on their affections powerful in its helplessness, and surprising them by touching chords in the bosom never yet taught to vibrate. A little foolish shame, but very sweet confusion, might be read in either face, and the lids of the father's eyes were not unmoistened, when, as he condescended to listen to nurse's eulogium, the child for the first time actually smiled. By the way, those pretty smiles in very young children have something striking and even touching about them;—they are evanescent and beautiful as the flash of summer lightning: but in the display they make of those coral, but boneless gums, which prove the utter dependence of the creature we so fondly gaze at, we are led to mingle the tenderness of pity with the pride of admiration, and silently to pray for blessings on the fair but fragile blossom entering the thorny path of existence.

But it is certainly difficult to prognosticate evil (even of the most natural, or inevitable description,) in contemplating this little stranger, who seems born to be a queen amongst us! and, who for another month to come, will probably throw that dear mother into the shade, who never heard the voice of praise with half the pleasure she does now, as lavished on her infant. Really there is something imposing and imperial, in the style in which the young heiress reposes on the plump arm of her consequential nurse, a handsome woman of forty-five, clothed in her long robes of the most delicate and costly materials; her pretty regular features and pulpy cheeks, shaded by a profusion of pure mechlin, and her little dimpled arms, lying in perfect repose, like the living marble of Chantrey. Who could look on such a lovely innocent creature, and consider it as a candidate for the pleasures and attachments of life, the attainment of virtue, and the heirship of immortality, without bidding it 'God speed?' who could reflect on the power it possesses, or will possess, to aid the many and delight the few—to soothe maternal solicitude and diffuse happiness through family connections, without sincerely rejoicing in its arrival?

B.

THE WIDOW OF THE LOIRE.

A simple Tale of Fact.

(Continued from page 43.)

Dost thou, so young,
Heave deep the frequent sigh, and shed the tear
Unseen, that drains the sorrowing heart!

THAT night, a heavy storm of rain beat heavily on the humble roof, that covered the desolate family of the brave De Bayard. But the wearied spirit of two of its innocent members, at least, slept undisturbed through all the uproar of the tempest; the two young sons of the helpless widow, who, after their mutual resolution to try the fortune of their little talents, towards her support, had closed their eyes in peace; and, their dreams being visited with pleasing visions of the future, they arose, in the morning, smiling with their elated hopes. But they had only to meet their sister, to feel all the ideal comfort sink at once under the real presence of a new distress. The Loire, swollen by the rain of the night, had risen to the verge of their mother's chamber window; and, by its loud surges, dashing past, under the driving fury of the wind, and pouring elements from the clouds, would not allow her one moment of repose; while the penetrating influence of the damp, oozing in from every pore of the old, dilapidated tenement, had augmented her disorder to a bodily agony, to which her poor daughter's utmost exertions of affection, and putting every garment she could collect, on the revered sufferer's bed, could give no relief.

"Alas! alas! my brothers," cried the unhappy girl, wringing her hands, in tearless, pale distress;—"I fear our mother will now be taken from us, also! she cannot long endure such racking torture; and how can we give her ease?—Hear how that terrible river is, even now, roaring under our wretched floor; and where have we money for fire, or comfortable food for our dying parent?"—At this adjuration, which the desperation of her filial apprehensions alone wrung from her, to her

equally helpless brothers, both the boys answered her with that burst from the heart which has not words; but the sounds are intelligible, to every language.—“My sister!—my sister!” at last Theodore exclaimed, clasping her to his bosom, and pressing her pale cheek to his, “do not yet despair! we have not lost all hope! for, might not a physician?”——Genevieve looked up; her dimmed eye shot a bright light:—“Bless you, my brother,” cried she, “for this thought! We have still two pieces of gold left, by the hard economy of our dearest mother, out of what she brought from the frontiers; and, while that lasts, let us endure every privation; but, O God, grant us to preserve her life!”—Genevieve’s tears now flowed gently, to the relief of her full, and before almost petrified heart. Theodore, confirmed to fortitude in his young breast by the anticipation of what his and his brother’s plans might happily produce, continued to soothe the weeping girl; and, by a sign, rather than a word, dispatched Armand to seek for a physician.—During the poor little boy’s absence, which was short, though every minute seemed an hour to those who anxiously awaited the expected healing hand, Theodore still more cheered his sister, by telling her, that he and Armand had fallen on a scheme for earning, at least, their mother’s daily bread; but he would not say how, till they should present her with the sweets of their labours.—And then, the ingenuous, noble-minded youth smiled more proudly, perhaps, than he might have done, had the first days of his early boyhood been accomplished, and he were now called to bear the colours of his father’s regiment.—Such, indeed, is the instinctive dignity of conscious fulfilment of duty, whether its actions be of public or private devotion.

The groans of Madame de Bayard, had, more than once, hurried both her son and daughter into her apartment, before Armand and the physician arrived; and Genevieve was just returning to it again, with a wrap of heated flannel in her arms, which she had warmed at their lodging-mistress’s fire, when her brother and the doctor entered the door of their common room. “Ah! sir,” cried she, in a voice of mental anguish, “the sight of you gives me life!” The physician had only to look upon the agitated girl’s face, to believe he need not other commentary on her words; and, from the traces written there, immediately taking her hand, he gently said,

"Yes, my young lady, you do indeed require my assistance; and I do hope, that great care, and a more salubrious spot than this, (and he looked round, with a shrugging kind of shuddering at the bare walls, trickling down with moisture,) will indeed restore you! you have, in truth, a youth on your side, I did not expect to see in the mother, this little boy so conjuringly solicited me to visit; but few step-dames are so lovely, as well as young; and, for the honour of our college, we must not lose so fair a widow!"

Not any of the complimentary verbage, which closed this cold-blooded gallantry of the medical practitioner, was noticed by the astounded senses of his hearers; the brothers stood aghast, gazing on their sister, and recognising, indeed, in her shrunk, and pallid features, the new calamity which the first part of his address implied; while she was only eagerly explaining to him, that it was really the dying mother of them all, he was brought to save; and then, hurrying out the leading symptoms of the case, she conducted the bowing doctor into her suffering parent's presence. His visit only seemed to augment the fears of the whole party, as he declared the disorder of Madame de Bayard to be a rheumatic fever, which must end fatally, if she could not be removed from such malign damps, and be supported by a most generous diet; he then took his departure, after having written a long prescription in the outer apartment; and also taking the piece of gold, the trembling hand of Genevieve presented him, bowed, with an almost impertinent compliment to her before pallid cheek, then flushed with emotion, and coldly left the house.

Madame de Bayard was much affected by the affectionate apprehensions of her children, which had brought this visit to her, and greatly distressed at the useless expence; since to move from the lodging, which he had pronounced as indispensable to her recovery, was beyond her power. She had hired it for a month, at a cheap rate, and she had no means left, to afford an exchange.—Genevieve had been obliged to confess to her mother, that the rapacious doctor had appropriated, as his fee, the whole of the piece of money, she had taken from the now almost exhausted family purse, to offer him.—Madame de Bayard drew a deep sigh, and then calmly added, "My child, you have done right in all ways.—You have fulfilled your duty to your mother, by sending for what you

supposed a certain means of restoring her to health; and you have fulfilled your duty to the respectability of the Chevalier de Bayard's children, in paying that man, like a gentlewoman. But he, that could come into this poor little hovel, and take such a sum from the too-evident penury of the almost perishing inmates he found here, proves the sordidness of both his heart and education, and his prescriptions can do me no good. Whatever may happen to me, Genevieve, my injunction is, that man must never be called in again." Genevieve had just given her promise to this effect, when Armand ran in with his handkerchief full of something, and laying it on his sister's knee, whispered a few words in her ear, and disappeared. He had told her, he was going to rejoin his brother, on their expedition of fortune; and the handkerchief contained what he had got, by the prescription, for their mother.

"Ah, doubtless then, the fee was to include the payment for all this," cried the glad Genevieve, while opening the knots that secured it.—A large phial of anaromatic tincture presented itself; with divers lotions for embrocation; a box of pills; and long labels on them all, with directions for their application. Beneath the whole mass, was a little paper of coffee, and a small loaf of fair wheaten bread. When Genevieve, smiling, and expatiating on the hoped-for good effects of each, took out the two latter articles,—so necessary, indeed, to the cheering aliment of an invalid mother, whose scanty food, for many weeks, had been reduced to nothing better than meagre water-gruel, and a piece of bread with it, of the usual sour rye of the lowest order of the people; when she saw these once-accustomed materials for her mother's breakfast, she uttered a cry of joy, as if her brothers had already found the fortune they were gone out to seek, she knew not how! But Madame de Bayard, who saw only the delicate tenderness which had recollected, and brought it to her; and, at the same time guessing that the whole had sprung from the same nearly drained, but hoarded purse, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Alas, my children!"

During the remainder of the day, it no longer poured with rain; and the sun even gleamed out occasionally, from between the fitfully parting clouds. This improvement in the weather, also brightened the transient exhilaration of Genevieve's spirits, raised by the sight of the comfortable meal she was presenting

to her mother;—so simple are the sources of joy and hope to the desolate. She talked to her mother of distinctly hearing the swollen waters subsiding; and, that ere they removed from their dreaded neighbourhood, they had brought some tribute to their comfort; for while she was slowly warming the coffee over the lamp, in their outer room, she found the window suddenly partially darkened; and turning to it, saw a bundle of faggot-wood caught by the old buttress in the wall, and beating, by the rushing water, against the sashes of the window. It had been brought down by the flood, from the upper town. And when Genevieve opened the casement, to prevent injury to the glass in its little leaden panes, and discovered what it really was, she took in the ready fuel as a heaven-sent gift; and, with a dry branch, drawn from the rest, finished the heating of her mother's breakfast.—“Let us hail it as a good omen, mother!” cried she, “that He who provides for the poor little robins, when winter is bitterest on them, will never forget, in her extremity, the widow of the good De Bayard!” and she kissed the hand of her meekly suffering parent, with a thrill of grateful, pious confidence in her young heart.

Thus time wore away till evening; and, when the sun drew towards its setting, then the fond sister began to be uneasy respecting the prolonged absence of her brothers.—Madame de Bayard, too, began to fear they were detained, rather by some accident having befallen them, than by any employment obtained.—And one part of her apprehensions proved to be the fact. Just as the last gleams of the dropping sun faded from their reflection on the opposite wall of the common apartment, (for her mother had sunk into a doze,) and Genevieve had taken off the table, for the fourth time, the mess of herb pottage she had pleased herself in preparing with some of her frugally husbanded faggots, for her brothers comfortable refreshment, the latch of the door from the passage opened, and Theodore entered,—Armand followed him.—There was no buoyancy now, in the step of either; their cheeks were pallid, yet flushed; and their eyes red;—Armand's, by weeping; Theodore's, with an inflamed sort of fire, that seemed to have refused him tears.

“Genevieve,” said he, in a low, fearfully sounding voice, “do not tell our mother; but we have traversed this town

all day; we have humbled the hearts of De Bayard's sons to ask, to beg at the doors of concert-rooms, of musical-shops, to be heard play the flute, or the flageolet; and be paid, only as the most lowly of the profession, if approved—and not one would allow us that poor chance,—we have been rejected by all; and at the last place, were even derided for the application. I have borne this, sister, because I am a boy, as they told me!—a weak, half-starved wretch, without breath, or strength of finger, to do my duty on an infant's pipe! and then, as to my brother,—a villain from behind the counter, laughed, and told him to go home and sing out his own requiem; for he looked fitter for the church-yard than an assembly of ladies and gentlemen, who paid for seeing pleasurable objects, as well as hearing them!—The savage insult will wring in my ears, till I have strength of arm to avenge it!"—He clenched his hand, and looked so sadly stern; a look, so hostile to his usually open, kindly aspect, so inspiring to happiness wherever its noble, ingenuous glance was cast,—that Genevieve clung to him, and, in a stifled voice, entreated him to despise such wretches, as became De Bayard's son; as became the servant of Him, who was now their only protector!—Theodore looked gloomily at her, and struck his breast with his yet clenched hand.—"I cannot, Genevieve.—You are a woman, and you know not the difference of a man's heart.—I am a boy, yet, in years and power,—but my soul is a man's; and,—I never will disgrace, nor suffer to be disgraced, a son of de Bayard!"

"Armand," cried their sister, "kneel to this, our dear, but frantic Theodore, and tell him you forgive the wretch."—Armand threw himself at his brother's feet.

J. P.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLOW-WORM.

Sweet child of stillness, midst the awful calm
Of pausing nature thou art pleased to dwell,
In happy silence to enjoy the balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

(Continued from page 30.)

A very few days after the events recorded in our former chapter, Mr. Courtenay was a morning visitor at Mrs. Oswald's; he had met that lady alone at a very genteel rout, and had taken infinite pains to render himself agreeable to her, which, at length, produced the invitation he wished; for he felt piqued at her niece's conduct, and was anxious to retaliate upon her. Several young men were already there, paying great court to the young quakeress, who sat at her work as still and composed as if she were the only one in the room unnoticed, instead of being the principal attraction. Miss Cayley was at her side, all life and spirits, forming the greatest possible contrast to her companion, both in her dress and manners; for she returned Mr. Courtenay's cold and distant bow, with a most friendly nod, whilst Miss Dennison merely gave a quiet inclination of her head, and seemed the next moment to forget there was a fresh arrival. Vexed, but not disconcerted, by so much reserve, Mr. Courtenay drew near the ladies, and enquired if Miss Dennison was always so industrious, or whether she only took up her work to tantalize her visitors.—“I see thou canst be severe, friend William,” she replied, with a smile; “but I do assure thee, that idleness is quite a punishment to me.”—“You are, indeed,” exclaimed Miss Cayley, “the best creature I know; every moment of your time is devoted to some employment; and all for charity, I dare say;—there are indeed very few who resemble you.”—“Thou art unadvised in thy discourse, Maria Cayley,” replied Miss Dennison; “thy compliments are neither seasonable, nor desired.”—“Miss Dennison accuses me of being severe,” said Mr. Courtenay; “but what am I to think of her, when she so liberally abused me and my taylor, the other evening, when my back was turned?”—“Surely, Esther, you would not satirize my guests!” said Mrs. Oswald. “Verily, aunt,” replied Miss Dennison, blushing deeply, “I do confess, that I was somewhat pointed in my remarks. But thou art in the wrong, friend William, to accuse me of speaking, because thy back was turned; since,

from thine own confession, it is evident thy ear was present; therefore, thou hadst the opportunity to defend thyself, had it been needful; though, perhaps, thou couldst not have argued much in thy justification."—"As much, I imagine, as Miss Dennison can, for the singularity of her attire."—"I cannot agree with thee there, since mine, however singular thou mayest term it, has long been the custom of my sect; whilst thine changes with every wind of fashion, though not always for the better, it is to be feared."—"Dear! dear! what odd notions you have," exclaimed the sprightly Miss Cayley, adding, with an affected blush, "but I trust, Mr. Courtenay, you did not overhear the remarks I made; I vow, I should be quite horrified, if I thought you had."—"Really, madam," he drily resumed, "I was not aware that any thing you said, merited a thought beyond the moment in which it was uttered."—"Thou must excuse me, friend William," said Esther Dennison; "but thy last remark savoured too little of that politeness, upon which I imagine thou art apt to pride thyself."—"And let me tell you, my fair friend," he softly resumed, "that I should be better pleased if you would relax a little of your primitive manners, and dress more like the rest of the world; you have no idea how greatly you would be benefitted by the change."—"And thou, friend William," she replied, in the same tone, "canst not imagine how much better thou wouldst look, divested of all that foppery; for I do assure thee, that they who judge from first appearances, would form but a poor idea of the inner man, from the prodigious pains bestowed to decorate the outward figure."—"A bargain, then, my sweet monitress! you shall conform more to the prevailing fashion, and I will be less studious about my attire."—"Nay," she replied, blushing deeply, "I see no reason why I should renounce the manners and the garb of my forefathers, to please thee; neither, perhaps, wilt thou alter thine at my instance; we have, therefore, but exchanged opinions, which are of little consequence."—"To me, they are most important," said Courtenay, with a tender sigh, at the same time taking her hand, which she quickly withdrew, and turning from him, said, "Verily, friend, thou exceedest the bounds of decorum, and thy impertinence is displeasing."

Soon after this, Mr. Courtenay became a frequent guest at Mrs. Oswald's, and it was observed by his friends, that he

was daily less finical in his attire, and that his conversation was not so trifling as usual. True, he had lost but little of his conceit, but since he found the manners he had adopted were not so universally admired as he expected, he gladly conformed to the tastes of those with whom he most frequently associated, till by degrees, the gravity, which was at first assumed, became almost natural to him.

Mrs. Oswald beheld, with pleasure, the attentions of Courtenay to her niece; for though she had heard him represented as a gay young man, whose only aim was fortune, she liked his family and connexions, and was, besides, anxious for Esther to change her persuasion, since she believed it was no better than burying alive, for so lovely a girl to be disguised in her *outré* apparel. She therefore watched every turn of Esther's expressive countenance when the name of Courtenay was mentioned, and soon had the delight of seeing the quick and vivid blush mantle her cheeks, and her fine eyes sparkle with artless joy, whenever he was either spoken of or announced. By degrees, too, the little prim cap was put on with more taste, so as to display a greater quantity of her rich, braided hair, and her whole appearance indicated a fashion in its simplicity, which was not lost upon Mr. Courtenay, who, already, began to feel tolerably secure of poor Esther's heart, and triumphed in the change he had so speedily effected: neither was he insensible to her modest charms, for she possessed a cultivated mind, and a quickness of ideas, highly amusing; and though, at first, the freedom of her speech, together with her familiarity with his name, had sounded discordantly in his ears, and had rather wounded his pride, these peculiarities soon faded away, before her uncommon artlessness and sweetness of temper. She had read much, chiefly serious and instructive books, for works of imagination had been sedulously kept from her reach; and it was Courtenay that first opened to her young mind this exhaustless source of amusement. She read with avidity every thing he recommended; and many were the hours he spent in reading aloud to her from the writings of our most popular bards and novelists.

One morning, when Mrs. Oswald was from home, and he and Esther were thus engaged, their employment was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of two persons, whose dress pro-

claimed them to be of the same sect as Miss Dennison, One was a tall, middle-aged man, of an austere aspect; the other, a female, some years younger than him, of an interesting appearance; they both saluted Esther with great cordiality, and bowed very stiffly to her companion. "My guardian and his wife," she said, in some confusion, "Jonathan and Sarah Palmer: and this is friend William Courtenay."—"Verily, Esther," said Jonathan, "thou seemest greatly surprised at our presence; and I do not wonder at it, inasmuch as we have deviated from our usual custom of giving thy aunt notice of our intended arrival, which would not have been the case, had not Sarah been exceedingly anxious and disquieted about thee, fearing thy youth and inexperience would be inadequate to sustain thee, situated as thou art in the midst of the vain and foolish; we had likewise heard some reports concerning thee, which did not altogether please us."—"Truly, Esther," said Sarah, in a sweet and gentle voice, "I cannot deny, that I have had some strange misgivings about thee; but, for thy sake, I hope they were false, and that thou wilt forgive me for having ever harboured any thought to thy disadvantage; but I see by thy countenance, we have acted unadvisedly, in speaking of thy concerns in the presence of this youth,—we will therefore forbear awhile." Courtenay now felt himself compelled to rise, and offer to relieve them from the restraint his presence imposed, though he felt anxious to hear the result of this singular conference; but Jonathan, being aware of his intention, suddenly interposed between him and the door, saying, "Verily, friend, I cannot permit thee to depart in such haste; since it must be evident to thee, that if thou art a suitable companion for Esther Dennison, thou canst not be an improper one for Sarah and myself."—"I do beg, friend Courtenay, thou wilt tarry a little longer," said Esther, with a look of supplication, and he instantly turned to obey her, though he could not avoid saying to Jonathan, "You certainly have mistaken the reason of my intending to quit the apartment; for I assure you, sir, it never once occurred to me, that either you or Mrs. Palmer would deem me in any way an unsuitable companion, although you might imagine me an intrusive one."—"I do believe thee, young man," coolly rejoined Jonathan, "for thou hast spoken in the vanity and presumption of thine heart, which leadeth thee to esteem

thyself more highly than is consistent with thy years."—"Nay," interrupted Sarah, "thou must not be too hard upon him, considering that youth lacketh discretion, and wisdom is dearly bought with age. But what hast thou got here, Esther? thou seemest to have made great additions to thy library."—"Yea," said Jonathan, stalking up to the table, and laying hold of some of the books, "the outward covers show fair; here is a superabundance of finery, which might well be dispensed with, provided we are not intended to esteem the outside, more than what is contained within.—Poems,—Novels,—trash! trash!" he repeated impatiently, as, one after another, he threw the elegant volumes from him. "Surely, Esther Dennison," he continued, steadfastly regarding her, "thou hast not polluted thy mind by reading all this nonsense?"—"I cannot deny, that I have perused the greater part of them," replied Esther, gently. "And wherefore didst thou transgress the wishes of thy guardian? thou must have known, from experience, that neither Sarah nor myself ever refused thee any gratification that was proper for thee to be indulged in; then why hast thou disobeyed us?" Esther was silent, but Courtenay indignantly exclaimed, "I am surprised at your conduct, Mr. Palmer; you arrogate too much to yourself, because you happen to be one of Miss Dennison's trustees, as if your power extended over her mind, as well as her fortune.—Do you not perceive your questions are distressing to her, and very impertinent? But since you wish to know how she presumed to improve her mind, without first asking your permission, I am proud to own, that it was I who presented her with the volumes you pretend to despise; and some of my most delightful hours have been spent in perusing them with her."—"Friend, we can dispense with thy conversation till it is called for," said Jonathan, with great composure; then turning to Esther, he continued, "Verily, Esther Dennison, thou hast abode nine years under my roof, and in all that time hast never lacked words to answer for thyself; it seemeth therefore strange to me, that now thou art either unable or unwilling to reply to a plain interrogation; it was not thy custom to deal thus unwisely with thy friends." "Neither is it now, I am persuaded," said Sarah, "but, Jonathan, thou art too rough in this business; doubtless, our dear Esther repenteth already that she hath gainsayed us, and perceiveth the folly of these bad books."

"Nay," replied Esther, "thou judgest better of me than I deserve; and since thou wilt have me speak, I do think, Jonathan Palmer, that thou art unadvised in lifting up thy voice so rashly against those books, since I am convinced thou hast not read any of them, and therefore art incompetent to give thy opinion."—"True," exclaimed Courtenay, delighted with Esther's quickness; "how can you calumniate what you know nothing about? There is an elegance and refinement in this language, that insensibly steals into our souls, makes us more keenly alive to the sufferings of our fellow mortals, and divests us of those gross manners and ideas, which are otherwise natural to us, and which are apt to render morality odious to its youthful votaries."—"Thou sayest right," replied Jonathan, "they foster the sickly sensibilities of a depraved taste, and teach us to feel for, instead of assisting, the distresses of others;—and what availeth the tinsel of pride, and the boasted polish of manners, if, after all, the heart be unsound. Verily, it is like unto a gorgeous pall, thrown over the decaying corpse, which when we draw it aside, maketh the contrast the more horrible!"—"Well, but Jonathan," interposed Sarah, "we will hope our Esther hath not yet imbibed all the evil thy fears anticipate."—"Thou art in the wrong, Sarah, to speak too securely about her:—dost thou not perceive that she hath already given heed to false teachers; and seest thou no alteration in her? Yea, the moment I entered the room, my heart was struck with the grievous change; and I said to myself, 'Truly, vanity hath taken its hold upon her, and she hath become, as it were, an alien, and a stumbling-block to her people;' for wherefore is her cap stuck on one side, and her tucker put on so preposterously;—verily, verily, Esther, my spirit groaneth for thee; and I am constrained to acknowledge, that I did wrong in suffering thee to quit my protection, although at the pressing instance of thy father's sister."—"I do assure thee, Jonathan," said Esther, half weeping, "that my Aunt Oswald is not to blame; she hath treated me very kindly, and thou shouldest not reproach me about such a trifle as my cap; thou knowest it is impossible to please every body."—"Therefore, Miss Dennison, I would advise you to consult only your own taste and inclination, and they will be your best guides," said Mr. Courtenay, glancing haughtily at the impenetrable Jonathan. "And thine also, friend William, I imagine thou

meanest," replied Esther, in a low tone, and smiling archly through her tears. "Nay, Esther, Jonathan meant not to distress thee; therefore, restrain thy tears," said Sarah, kindly taking her hand; "thou mayest unwittingly have erred in some things; but I dare answer for thee, that thy heart is uncorrupted."—"Thou wert always gentle to my failings," replied Esther, with emotion; "and thou knowest that it is the surest way to win my confidence, for I could never hide any thing from thee." The entrance of Mrs. Oswald put a stop to this conversation; she received her unexpected visitors with great politeness, yet it was evident she would willingly have dispensed with their company; and she looked anxiously at her niece, as if she dreaded the effect their presence might have upon her. Mr. Courtenay gladly availed himself of her entrance to make his escape from a scene which, had it not materially affected him, would have called forth his risible faculties in the extreme; for he saw his presence rather encreased poor Esther's distress, and made her guardian more bitter against her. The following day, he sent up his name, but was denied admittance, and he afterwards learnt that Esther was preparing to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Palmer into the country. A variety of ideas now assailed him; he had often dwelt upon the advantages which would result to him, were he possessed of Miss Dennison's large fortune; he admired her exceedingly, but had never seriously thought of her as his wife; and now that, for the first time, he met with a difficulty in seeing her, he began to dread, lest the prize which he had almost considered as his own, should be entirely withdrawn from his reach. But then, how could he introduce her, rich and lovely as she was, to his friends, when he had so often declared that nothing but high birth and elegance should tempt him to sacrifice his freedom? And to hear her *thee* and *thou* them, would be horrible, though he was perfectly reconciled to be accosted so himself, since, from her lips, it sounded kind and encouraging; but how would his mother, so tenacious as she was of her high birth and family consequence,—how would she turn indignantly away, when he presented her to such a bride? Moreover, it occurred to him, that he might in time prevail upon Esther to adopt his sentiments, as her aunt had done in a similar case; for she had already greatly relaxed in his favour, and he could not doubt

that he was beloved; and if so, it would be cruel and ungenerous not to declare himself. Then Courtenay pictured to himself, the sweet girl, dragged from all that was dear to her, and confined in some retired retreat, by her inflexible guardian, pining in secret sorrow for his absence, and drooping, like a tender flower which had been nipped by the first rude blast of winter, till at length he worked himself up to a pitch of heroism; and actuated at once by love, fancy, and ambition, for it must not be supposed the golden bait was forgotten, he dictated to her a letter full of protestations, oaths, and vows of everlasting fidelity and inviolable regard. It was not until the following evening that he received an answer, nicely written in a small, cramped hand, and worded with the most scrupulous care: it contained an acknowledgement of the honour he had intended her; which, however, upon serious consideration, and without any bias whatever, she begged to decline: adding, that it was a matter of regret to her, that he had thought it requisite to endeavour to flatter her vanity by a repetition of high-flown phrases and sentimental expressions, which he must have known she disliked, and which, had she been inclined to favour him, might have caused her to doubt his sincerity.

CONSTANCE.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LOVE AND SPRING.

Imitated from the Italian.

BY THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

"Thy flowers," one day cried Love to Spring,
"Scarcely survive their blossoming:
Fleet one short month, frown one dark sky,
They in their very cradle die."
"The taunt too true," sweet Spring retorted,
As in her bower, all bloom, she sported,
"And will the joys thy reign discloses
Flourish longer than my roses?"

Literary Souvenir.

SCENES IN THE EAST.

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(Continued from page 36.)

MIANNA, THE CITY OF THE RED POISON.

THE name is fearful; and not more fearful, than true; hence, a traveller cannot but wonder, when on approaching it he is told of its ill-famed celebrity, that it should remain a city at all.—However, such is the power of custom; for centuries, it has been infested with this known plague, and, though no longer deserving the character of a city, it exists a rather considerable town, and continues the common route of travellers. My *mehmondar*, (or conductor,) described this formidable evil, neither as a pestilential vapour, engendering plague, nor any indigenous sort of upas-tree, breathing equal contagion,—but in the shape of a very minute red insect, or bug, the bite of which is eventually mortal. The poison does not take any apparent effect, at first; so that the bitten may be no more sensible of the mortal death instilled into his veins, than when a flea irritates for an instant, and is off again. The venom acts by slow degrees; or, rather, lies dormant in the system, till some propelling cause, nobody may be able to name, excites the latent mischief; as in the manner of hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog; and the wretched victim of the, perhaps unsuspected, accident, dies, with every symptom of the most virulent poison; some, only a few weeks after its infusion; and others, even at the distant time of eight or nine months.

I by no means relished this account; and, naturally queried, how the usual inhabitants managed to preserve themselves from so constantly-present, and insidious a plague.—His reply added to my astonishment.

“Neither the native inhabitants of the town, nor the country people of its immediate vicinity, are ever touched by the bug; but strangers of every kind, whether actually foreigners, or travellers from other parts of Persia, are equally subject to the venomous inoculation.” How, then, did it seem possible that any creature who sought an hour’s rest there, could ever escape?—My *mehmondar* hoped his answer would fully satisfy me.—“The bug only infests the old dwellings.—A perfectly new built house never has one. Such a place was always

sought by travellers; and, *In shalla*, one would be found for the *Saib*; then all would go right."—"Ah, so it shall," replied I; "for I promise you, my honest provider, you must find me lodging without the gates; for, enter within them, I will not! so, there's the fiat of an Englishman, and look you to it!"—A word or two more, confirmed the somewhat astounded servant of the great king, in the necessary belief, that I was inexorable;—and, without more parley, I drew up my horse under a broad-spreading chenare tree, while he went in quest of some *hospice* for the night. The time seemed long and wearisome, ere I descried his sable, peak-pointed beard, opening, as it were, his passage towards me, through a sort of thicket on my right. The town lay rather aslant, in that direction; and, as my friend's face looked a little more plumped up, and his beard wafted a rather fresher air of the *kalicoun*, (or smoking pipe,) than when he quitted me, I conceived a no very unfair suspicion, that he had been quietly regaling himself, even within those forbidden walls; while I, his generous and confiding employer, was waiting without, hungry and fatigued; to be subjected now, to the peril of any vermin, he may have brought out in his voluminous, and not over cleanly garments! I confess I was in a rage, that frightened the delinquent to fall down on his knees, and acknowledge his offence, with many oaths of penitence; while, indeed, the best *amende* he could produce,—and then I bade him rise, and consider himself pardoned,—was his naming the discovery of a natural sort of caravansery; or, more properly styling it, a range of small caves, at the base of the Kofflen mountain, about half a mile beyond the thicket.—And, therefore, towards that mountain, whose august aspect stood like a mighty giant before us,—a Titan of the antedeluvian world, its head diademed in the rolling clouds,—I bent my horse's steps, weary as my own, towards its caverned sanctuary.

Bezoork, (for so this doughty chief of my suite was named,) having ordered the rest of my attendants to stable themselves and our animals, in one of the caves, conducted me into the next that adjoined it; yet a wall of mountain rock, of at least twenty feet, dividing the one from the other, was of sufficient thickness to have prevented the surveillance of eves-droppers,—had any, there, suspected secrets were telling in the *Saib's* resting-place.

On entering, I found Bezoork had played a more faithful *mehmondar's* part, than I had given him credit for.—While in the town, he had not only satisfied his own immediate cravings of stomach, but had filled a scrip for mine; and when I broke my way, through a mass of bushes that grew across the front of the cave, and saw all his preparations spread before me, on a clean white napkin, on the ground,—I could not but turn towards him, with the expression of, “Thank you, my good fellow!” really in my voice, and on my countenance.—He grinned with delight; while, with a keenness of appetite, rather disgraceful to a man just smit with the adoring, despairing passion, eating into his heart, from the bright eyes of the royal Cadijah, I made most formidable dispatch with my supper, as follows:—Item.—My plate, about a dozen inches in diameter, and half-a-one thick. Then a closely covered dish of pillou, composed of rice soaked in butter, raisins, spices, and a huge boiled fowl,—next to that dish, stood another, conceived the dainty of the repast, about a score of long slips of meat, broiled with great care, with skewers attaching them together, like a string of roasted larks. This is called the Kabob. On each side was a bowl of sherbet, and one of coloured sweetmeats.—“A feast for Abba Mirza, himself, Saib!” exclaimed the *mehmondar*, making his salam, as I took my station, *a le perse*, by the side of the savory messes. “Granted,” cried I, “if you are inclined to make the exchange; take it all to him, for one more glance of his beauteous Circassian slave!”—The poor slave himself, who had no beauty to recommend him, whatever he might have of fidelity, looked again most solemnly grave, at this light reference to his princely master, and the bright vision we had seen.—“Nay, Bezoork,” added I, feeling my badinage humour almost ungrateful to him;—“your story of that lady has bewitched me!”

“Then, I have one of a fairer still, to undo the spell! if you will allow me to tell it;” returned he, eagerly drawing near me.—“Sit down on your carpet, behind mine,” was my answer, “and say on—I should be glad of the cure.”

Bezoork lit the pipe of my *kalieoun*, and putting it, with its cooling rose-water into my hand, took his station as I commanded, and thus began:—

D.

(To be continued.)

SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 12.)

I quitted my pen to take a stroll round the town, the appearance of which is very far from giving a favourable impression of the rest of the country. The exterior of the large and lofty houses, which are built of grey stone, has, in general, a gloomy, or rather, to say the truth, a dirty appearance, which, together with the bad and rough pavement, gives to the town, notwithstanding that the streets are tolerably wide, a dirty and comfortless air, that is heightened by the wretched look of the shops, whose owners seem to be quite ignorant of the art of setting off their goods. The market-place is, however, large and commodious, and the church a fine venerable pile, in which one might well recal to one's imagination, the figures of our third Edward, his warlike queen, and valiant army, assisting at the *Te Deum* which was chaunted for the success of the English arms when Calais was taken by Edward, after a siege of eleven months; and his fair Phillippa immortalized her name by obtaining the pardon of the brave Eustace de St. Pierre, and his patriotic companions, from her enraged husband.

I returned from my stroll just as the company were taking their places at table. The dinner was really as pretty a one as a man would wish to sit down to; it had, however, one fault, which, in the eyes of an Englishman, was of some consequence, there was nothing fit to eat. The soup, in taste and appearance, was something like dish-washings; the *bouilli*, though boiled to rags, was still hard enough to shew that it was a piece of an old cow. The ragouts tasted of nothing but garlic; the *roti* was scorched and stinking; the vegetables, boiled or rather stewed till they had lost their natural colour and taste, were served with sour sauce; and the *vin ordinaire* was little better than bad vinegar.

Little tempting, however, as this fare was, some of the guests, who, by the bye, were generally English, thinking, I suppose,

that a French dinner must be a good one, eat very heartily; as to myself, I contrived to make a tolerable meal upon some excellent salad and gruyere cheese, which I washed down with a pint of capital Lunelle. My bed, or rather mattras, was not a bad one, and I had a tolerable cup of tea and a good nut-ton-chop for my breakfast. To my no small surprise, however, I found, when I came to pay my bill, that I was charged nearly double the price in this *cheap* country, that I should have paid for good accommodations in an English inn. But when the moment of departure came, mercy upon me! what a ragged regiment was I environed with! cooks, waiters, chambermaids, boot-catchers, and to crown all, half a dozen *garçons*, each of whom laid claim to the honour of having carried my portmantau across the yard to put it into the diligence. Which ever way I turned my head, my passage was impeded by hands stretched out to receive. I gave till I had exhausted my small silver, but that did not suffice, and I was fairly pursued into the diligence by a host of clamorous supplicants, whose vociferations did not cease till the driving off of the old rumbling machine delivered me from them.

As my fellow-travellers were common-place people, from whom I could not derive either amusement, or information, I soon gave my undivided attention to the country through which I passed; but while I allowed that nature had been peculiarly bountiful to it, I missed, every where, that air of high cultivation and peculiar neatness, to which the eye is so accustomed in England. The houses, or rather huts, of the peasantry, which are scattered here and there by the way side, are not, however, so wretched as they have generally been represented; they will not indeed bear comparison with our neat English cottages, but they are infinitely better than the cabins of the Irish peasantry, and many of them have an air of neatness and comfort in the interior which I did not expect to find. There is something singularly pleasing in the appearance of the younger part of the *paysannes*. Their costume consisting of a very high crowned linen or muslin cap, which the better sort wear trimmed with lace; a handkerchief, crossed upon the breast, and which, like the cap, is as white as snow, a coloured bodice, and a short striped petticoat, have in them something which, without departing from the simplicity of rural life, is extremely *jauntie*; and the play of their countenances, their

elastic and graceful step, and frank, lively manners, make up, in some degree, for the want of those personal charms, which nature has dealt to them, in general, with a sparing hand.

The route from Calais to Paris makes a much better figure upon the map than in reality; and in truth, the traveller who has never before been out of England, is very apt to stare a little when he comes to what the French call a town, which generally presents a beggarly and miserable melange of wretchedly built houses, and paltry *cabarets*, so closely intermingled, that you would conceive half, at least, of the inhabitants were dealers in brandy and snuff; two commodities which, as the inscription on the *boutique* informs you, are always sold by the same person.

I must, however, except Boulougne from this censure; it is handsome and well built, and I was perhaps the more willing to acknowledge this, because many of the houses are built in the English style; and there is, upon the whole, a certain air of order and cleanliness which one rarely finds in France.

With respect to our accommodations on the road, I shall only advise those good people to whose comfort regular meals are indispensable, not to think of travelling in a *diligence*, as they will find themselves obliged to breakfast at nine o'clock in the morning, and dine at eleven at night; nor can either entreaties or bribery prevail on *Monsieur le conducteur* to allow them to stop for any refreshment between those hours.

The breakfast consists of execrable tea, or indifferent coffee, unless you chuse a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, in which case you have a ragout, and fricandeau, manufactured out of whatever cold scraps your host has in the house, with perhaps a dish of dry, tough mutton-chops. The dinner, though more abundant, is seldom of better quality; and you have need of a very keen appetite to be able to partake heartily of it.

But if you have some cause to complain of your fare, you have certainly none to find with the manner in which it is served. There is such a ready civility, so much *prevoyance* in the manners of the smart black-eyed lasses who generally supply the place of waiters, that you forget your disappointment in listening to their expressions of sorrow for your having such poor fare; and you must be incredulity itself, if you do not give credit to the candid manner in which they tell you that the dinner would have been excellent, if the *diligence* had not

arrived too late, or too soon; or if the market-day had not happened to be six days back; or if there had not been a mortality among the poultry, or an unaccountable scarcity of fish; or, in short, if some one or other of the one thousand and one *grand malheurs* had not happened, which unfortunately, however, always do happen, to prevent your having any thing fit to eat.

But as a detail of the *grand* and the *petit malheurs* of the journey would not tend much, dear reader, to thy amusement, let us suppose them nearly surmounted; *et viola*, here we are at the barrier St. Denis, where our diligence is obliged to stop, that the toll-keepers may satisfy themselves we are not cheating the Most Christian King by smuggling a few bottles of wine or brandy into his capital, without paying the duties.

This point was soon settled, and the driver on passing the gate drove along as fast as his miserable horses could be made to move, to my no small annoyance, for I expected that he would have had half a dozen lives at least to answer for before he reached the *bureau* where the diligence stops; and when you consider, good reader, that the sides of the streets are not, as in London, flagged and elevated for the convenience of foot-passengers, but that, on the contrary, coaches drive close to the houses, and that the streets are in some instances so narrow that there is scarcely room for a person to pass with safety on each side between the diligence and the wall, my fears will not appear absolutely void of foundation.

But here I must observe that, with all this apparent danger, there is perhaps really less than in our excellent and well paved streets of London; this is owing to the extreme strictness with which stage and hackney-coachmen are dealt with by the government; not only are they fined and imprisoned, if they actually do hurt any one, but they are even liable to punishment if it be proved that through their carelessness any person has been exposed to be hurt. The laws, in this instance, do certainly bear a little hard upon the worthy fraternity of the whip, for the common people are so well aware of the advantages they have over them, that they go without scruple almost under the feet of the horses. It is true, however, that with all the care of the drivers, accidents do sometimes happen, but they are much less frequent than a stranger would suppose possible.

Arrived at last at the *bureau de diligence*, I quitted the mi-

serable, uncomfortable vehicle, with no small degree of satisfaction; and cramming myself and my portmanteau into a *fiacre*, I drove to the Hotel Meurice, Rue St. Honori, where I was sure to find good, though dear, accommodation, till I could settle myself in private lodgings.

The first thing to be done, the next morning, was to look over my letters of recommendation; for I had taken the precaution to procure a few before I left England. In looking at the superscription of the one addressed to the Baron de Bonhommie, I recollected what the friend said who gave it to me, "If you want a Cicerone, one who will shew you every thing, and introduce you to every body, Bonhommie is your man." As this was precisely the sort of person I did want, I sallied forth, and with the assistance of a plan of Paris, soon made my way to the fauxbourg St. Germain, where the Baron resided; and when I stopped at the door of a very handsome house, with a noble *porte cochere*, I began to think that the baron certainly must be a man of no small consequence, and to regret that I had not at least paid him the compliment of coming in a hackney-coach.

I announced my approach by a smart rat tat; the door opened, and, as I perceived no one, I was making my way through the court, when a surly-looking fellow popped his head out of a small window which I had not observed, just at the entrance of the court, and demanded who I wanted, and what the devil I meant by making such a noise. "Noise!" repeated I, answering the latter part of his question first; "do you call a knock at the door, a noise?" "And do you call assaulting people's houses in that manner, knocking at the door?" cried he; "but I forget, you are English, consequently do not know how you ought to try to get in: attend to me, and I will shew you," and taking the knocker he gave a low single tap, saying, at the same time, "and now, who do you want?" Smiling at this specimen of French politeness, I asked "was the baron at home?" "Truly, I don't know; but go up, and see; you will find his apartment on the left hand of the fourth story." "The fourth story!" The poor nobleman's consequence fell directly in my estimation, in an exact proportion to the height of his domicile. Thus it is to form a hasty judgment, for in Paris, stylish people, particularly *garçons*, like M. de Bonhommie, are frequently lodged quite as high, and when I had mounted to his apartments, I was compelled to own, that you

might find in Paris handsome and well-furnished rooms, even on a fourth story. I found the baron at home, and was received by him quite in the French manner; that is, he kissed me on both cheeks, declared that he was enchanted at having the opportunity to make my acquaintance, and told me in the same breath, that London was the most delightful place on earth, and that no part of the world could be compared to Paris. He ran on, in short, till he was out of breath, and then suddenly asking me what I had seen, and declaring himself shocked that I should have been sixteen hours in Paris, without having viewed any of the wonders it contains, he proposed accompanying me to the grand review in the *Champ de Mars*, from whence we could visit two or three of the exhibitions, take a cup of coffee at the *Caffe des Mille Gollonnes*, a turn afterwards in the garden of the Tuilleries, and from thence adjourn to dine at Very's, where I should find English dishes, if I preferred them, particularly excellent *biffstecks de mouton*.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST BALLOON.

The first aërial voyage ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, accompanied by the Marquess d' Arlandes, a major of infantry, who volunteered to accompany him, ascended from the Chateau de Muette, belonging to the Court of the Dauphin. About two o'clock, the machine was launched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wonder, mingled with anxiety, was depicted in every countenance; but when, from their lofty station in the sky, the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were soon imperceptible to the naked eye.

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed, by a circuitous route, the whole of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement.—The daring aëronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the Boulevards.

THE RIVALS.

(Continued from page 47.)

Barnaby was a spoiled, self-willed domestic, and so in truth were all who held a place at Malmsey Manor; but when, in the present instance, he left his master's presence and hastened to the court-yard, there was such a visible increase of his usual self-sufficiency, and the luckless understrappers in office received so many supernumerary cuffs, that it was evident Barnaby had sustained some recent honour.

"What, ho there!—knaves, loiterers, prattling fools, wasting Sir Luke's time, and neglecting my business, with a vengeance to thee—fly, rascals fly! sort Black Bess as if King Charles were going to ride her, and see that girth, spur, and stirrup are in order!" Barnaby was proceeding to give other directions equally loud and lofty, when master Philip, who had been lounging about the court-yard, approached, and accosted him after his usual fashion.

"And pray, old green-skirts, where may you be for?"

But he of hound and horn, was well acquainted with what had occurred to alter their respective stations, and his reply was worded accordingly.

"A private mission, fair sir, a private mission," said he, slightly touching his cap, and turning on the instant to address one of his myrmidons.

The young man slipped into Barnaby's hand, that which makes all private missions public; and the ambassador's voice regained his usually submissive key. "A letter, your honour, nothing more; some trifling purchase in London—for the love of life, master Philip, don't break it open," exclaimed the huntsman ruefully, as he saw his companion after perusing the superscription—"To Master Zachary Pantofle, tailor and tireman, beside the Boar's head, near London Stone"—deliberately remove the fastening from the epistle, and peruse its contents, which were to this effect:—

"Master Zachary.

"By the bearer, who will pay you all reasonable charges for the same, you will send down a full suit of good fashioned clothes, made in the court manner, and beseeeming occasions

of more state than ordinary. I pray you, give good heed hereunto. You will but need to look on the bearer of this token, to know the size of the garments needed, in expectation of which, I rest, your's

LUKE MALMSEY, of Malmsey Manor."

The mercurial Philip was ready to dance with delight, at this unexpected opportunity of perpetrating a piece of mischief, nevertheless, he concealed his evil intentions under a serious aspect. "Barnaby," said he, "it is well you have shown me this letter, there is matter of consequence omitted; how rejoiced I am at the discovery—at what hour do you set forth?"

"At the break of dawn, your honour."

"Then knock at the door of my sleeping-room, when you are belted and spurred; and now to bed, to bed, good Barnaby; you will need repose," said the youth, at the same time administering a golden anodyne.

At the hour appointed, the unsuspecting messenger received back the letter to Mr. Zachary Pantofole, bearing the following addition:—

"Varlet!

"An' thou hopest again to stitch doublet, or touch money of mine, obey my orders touching Sir Luke's bravery. Make them, I charge thee, of patterns and colours most diverse and strange. Where it is proper to use one yard of stuff, employ two; instead of a single feather, see thou dost mount the hat with three or more; and adorn the other garments with lace and gauds in proportion. Be obedient and discreet,

Thine of old,

PHILIP MALMSEY."

Leaving these several worthies to their various pursuits, plans, and journeys, the scene now changes from the old fashioned manor, with its host of little chimneys, straight walks, yew-tree hedges resembling walls of fortification, and ornamental bears and griffins, to the elegant seclusions of STATELY PLEASANCE.

The place accorded well with its name; less, however, for the size and decorations of the dwelling, than for the extreme beauty of the grounds. They were laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with terraces paved in mosaic work; small pleasure pavilions embowered in groves, diversified with verdant lawns, and choice flower beds; jets d'eau; marble statuary;

the walks were sheltered from the sunbeams by interlacing trees, whilst a magnificent sheet of water formed a perfect mirror to all the adjacent beauties.

In one of the pavilions which looked out upon the stream we have mentioned, stood a youthful pair, for whom the place appeared a fit home, as they fit companions for each other. The one was a graceful cavalier, attired with a costly simplicity, which bespoke, as did his every look and gesture, noble birth, and courtly breeding. His fair companion was beautiful, but her charm consisted in variety of expression and change of mood. Her eye could suffuse itself with tears, her voice take the tone of tenderness; but it was the transition to brilliant frolic, gay coquetry, and sportive wiles, which rendered her so enchanting. Like that of the cavalier, her attire was at once costly in material, and simple in its fashion. Her robe was composed of pearl coloured satin; and her bodice, of the same material, was confined to her waist by a belt of twisted silk and silver; whilst the delicate hand and arm, whenever exposed, (and that was not seldom) seemed yet more exquisitely proportioned, from their contrast with the massy folds of the large hanging sleeve. Her dark and luxuriant hair was in part braided; and part, as if it were forgotten, hung down to her neck in ringlets, confined only over the brow by a single row of pearls.

It was the lady Beatrice, and her affianced lover, for whom when absent, she sighed; and whom she tormented when, as at the present, he stood beside her, whispering true love vows and tender flatteries.

"Ah, now, good Julian, pr'ythee tell me something new; thou hast likened me to a star and flower, till I am sick of my emblems—something new now an' you mean me to listen."

"The lady Beatrice repays truth with kindness, and devotion with respect," said the cavalier, with a sigh;—that is new, for I never yet witnessed it."

"Grievous, yet passing good, that hit of thine; but come now, Julian," said the lady, assuming a most provoking air of langour and ennui, "relate me some town news—some new fashion,—I doubt I get clownish in my gear, (a coquetish glance at her elegant robe accompanied this sally), or sing me, an' thou wilt, some new ditty of thine own—any thing to spur on that lame varlet Time."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, what heed I of town news, or new fashions, when thou art near; true love, lady, requires nought beyond the presence of its object."

"Grammercy—but that doctrine suits not me," replied the mischievous beauty, "now, here art thou, a reasonably good companion in thy way—tolerably esteemed by me in mine—yet I would some merry minstrel, or chance guest, or pleasant comedy were here—for thy sake, too, good Julian;—find you not the Pleasance dull after Whitehall revels?"

The lover was prevented making the expected answer by the entrance of a third person.

"O woman, woman!" exclaimed the intruder; "as many whims are thine as there be leaves on yonder aspen, and each as lightly hung. Julian, boy, never heed her; trust me, she can pine and sigh when thou art safely out of hearing,—nay, mistress Beatrice, never wrinkle your brow, and double your hand—pretty, both of them, I grant; but come, now, crown me for a wizard,—here are you sighing for change, affronting your knight, abusing my poor Pleasance, and, lo! I appear with work cut out for you—breaking of hearts, trying of tempers, masquing, and mischief, to thy heart's content."

"Now, Walter, dear Walter! an' say you so?—and how came it about? oh, tell me, tell me,—in truth I love mischief!"

"Or thou wert not woman," replied the last speaker, the fair heroine's elder and only brother, who had, as we have seen, joined the lovers before they were aware, and so overheard his sister's characteristic speech,—“why, Beatrice, thou wilt hang thyself some day, in order to pass time.”

"But the masque, the mischief, dear Walter!"

"All in good time, girl," replied the young man, with mock gravity. "First, answer me truly—mean you to jilt Sir Julian, or having made him serve a Jacob's courtship, with a Job's patience, mean you at last to become his plague for life?"

"For life, Walter, assuredly, if at all," replied the arch beauty.

"And you, Sir Knight," said Walter, turning to Julian, "feel you so secure in this lady's favour, that you dare allow the approach of a rival; a gay and gallant suitor, who backs the offer of his heart with that of a rich old manor?"

"Ah, Philip, frolicksome Philip!" said Beatrice with vivacity. Her lover bit his lip.

"The honour intended you is far greater," replied Walter, gravely.

"Well, it matters not to me who, or what, may be the suitor," said Beatrice frankly, for she had observed Sir Julian's momentary jealousy,—“but read us your riddle, nevertheless, good brother, if you mean us not to die with curiosity.”

"Well, then," said he, drawing from his bosom a large unwieldy epistle, written in the stiff hand used by clerks and notaries, “this comes from the worthy knight Sir Luke Malmsey, to the honourable son (save the mark!) of his esteemed friend the late Walter Cecil; stating, in due form of courteous speech, his intention of speedily passing some days at Stately Pleasance, in the hope that the honourable son, and lady daughter of his late esteemed friend, will afterwards partake the cheer of Malmsey Manor.”

"I am as much in the dark as an owl at noon!" said Beatrice, laughing; “what brings the knight here, think ye, and who did his errand?”

"Truly, the messenger is worthy Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve, who hath hinted to me his own private belief that further honour is intended our house,—that his patron hath a passing thought, a half-formed inclination, to make the lady Beatrice of Stately Pleasance, the lady Beatrice of Malmsey Manor; orchards, paddocks, wainscotting, tapestry-hangings, hunting gear, and rusty armour included.”

A long and merry laugh burst from the young lovers, as this inventory of the knight's treasures was concluded.

"And this," said Walter, drawing forth another epistle, which, from its smaller size, and scrawled characters, appeared to be the production of some more fashionable scribe—"this comes by another hand from frolicksome Philip, who, having got note of his uncle's intentions, prays me, on the score of old friendship, to entreat thee, on the strength of thy womanly wit, to give the old gentleman, during his abode with us, such awful impressions of the blessed state of matrimony, as shall convince him that one wife would be a sorer evil than twenty nephews, though every one were a nephew Philip. And so he commends himself to our good offices, of which, at present, he hath great need, being forbidden Sir Luke's presence and Malmsey Manor till doomsday, unless means are devised to shorten the term.”

I see it all—it is all planned,—no masque will be half so merry; dearest Julian, do but you and Walter play your parts, and I engage to send him to his grave in a week.”

“Gad-a-mercy, Beatrice!” said Sir Julian, laughing, “I like not the precedent.”

“Well, then, to his arm chair, if you like it better;” and the gay enchantress commenced a detail of those plans of proceeding which, at present, it would be premature to disclose. The reader will naturally suppose that Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve carried back to his patron many honourable messages from the master and mistress of Stately Pleasance, assuring him of warm welcome and greeting on his arrival.

Little aware of the plot in progress, or of the one already effected, as soon as Barnaby returned from his mission, the unsuspecting knight arrayed himself in the garments ordered for him by his wicked nephew, and set forth on a slow, sleek, unwieldy steed, that, taken in connexion with its rider, appeared a moving elephant and castle.

To be concluded in our next.

MR. JEFFERSON,

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIS gentleman sometime since narrowly escaped losing his life in an extraordinary manner. An artist was employed to take a cast of his head, for the purpose of making a bust. Instead of taking the face at one operation, and the rest of the head at another, the whole was attempted at once. The plaster was permitted to get too hard, and Mr. Jefferson was nearly suffocated. He had no other mode of giving an alarm than by stamping with his feet; which noise was heard by some of his family, who instantly ran into the room. The plaster was so firm that it required to be broken in pieces by means of a hammer and chisel. The strokes which were necessarily applied were exceedingly distressing, and it was only after suffering great pain as well as inconvenience that the head of this American statesman was liberated from its disagreeable envelope.

ANECDOTES OF R. B. SHERIDAN.

THERE cannot be a stronger exemplification of the truth,—that a want of regularity becomes itself a vice, from the manifold evils to which it leads, than the whole history of Mr. Sheridan's pecuniary transactions. So far from never paying his debts, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, always paying; but in such a careless and indiscriminate manner, and with so little justice to himself or others, as often to leave the respectable creditor to suffer for his patience, while the fraudulent *du* was paid two or three times over. Never examining accounts, nor referring to receipts, he seemed as if (in imitation of his own Charles, preferring generosity to justice,) he wished to make *paying* as like as possible to *giving*. Interest, too, with its usual silent accumulation, swelled every debt; and I have found, (says Mr. Moore,) several instances among his accounts, where the interest upon a small sum had been suffered to increase till it outgrew the principal.—Notwithstanding all this, however, his debts were by no means so considerable as was imagined. In 1808, it appeared, on examination, that the amount of Mr. Sheridan's *bona fide* debts was about £10,000; while the claims on him, of one kind or another, extended to five or six times that sum; and as he would not suffer any of the demands to be questioned, those friends who had undertaken to arrange his affairs naturally declined all further interference. On the same false feeling he acted in 1814, when the balance due on the sale of his theatrical property, was paid him in a certain number of shares. When applied to by any creditor, he would give him one of these shares, and allowing his claim intirely on his own shewing, leave him to pay himself out of it, and refund the balance.

A prominent instance of Sheridan's neglect of his own interest, says Kelly, came, among many others, to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late Majesty, who was then at Windsor: it was on some points which he wished to carry for the good of the theatre. He mentioned it to his present Majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he shewed him, did him the honour to say, that

he would take him to Windsor himself; and appointed him to be at Carlton-house by eleven o'clock. That he might be in readiness to attend his Majesty, he slept at Mr. Kelly's, who went out of town to accommodate him. I got home, continues Mr. Kelly, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant, that Mr. Sheridan was up stairs, fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times from Carlton-house, but nothing could prevail on him to get up. It appears that in about an hour after I left town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant maid, that he knew she had a dinner fit for a king in the house,—a cold neck of mutton,—and asked her if she had any wine. She told him, there were in a closet five bottles of Port, two of Madeira, and one of brandy; the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed. On hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from the pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner. Kemble came to him in the evening; they again drank very deep, and I never saw Mr. Sheridan in better spirits. Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury-Lane Theatre; and said, as manager, that he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on saying, "Indeed, we must seek for novelty, or the theatre will sink; novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it." "Then," replied Sheridan, with a smile, "if you want novelty, act *Hamlet*, and have music between the pauses."—Though the wit and elegance of this great man had always the appearance of being the spontaneous effusion of the moment, yet it is stated by his recent biographer, that this was by no means the case. His best speeches and bon mots were all premeditated. Yet the only time which his dissipation left him for the systematic arrangement of his ideas, must have been during the many hours of the day which were passed in bed. Thus frequently, while the world gave him credit for being asleep, he was employed in laying the frame-work of his amusing conversation, and glowing oratory for the evening. That this habit of premeditation was not altogether owing to a want of quickness, appears from the power and liveliness of his replies in Parliament, and the vivacity of some of his retorts in conversation.—Some mention having been made in his presence of a tax upon mile-stones,

Sheridan said, "that such a tax would be unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not remonstrate."—As an instance of his humour, we are told that, at some house in the country where he was on a visit, an elderly maiden lady having sat her heart on being his companion in a walk, he excused himself at first, on account of the badness of the weather. Soon afterwards, however, the lady intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her:—"Well," said she, "it has cleared up, I see."—"Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for *two*."

Like most great wits, Sheridan spared neither foe nor friend. His political opponents are very roughly, and not very fairly, treated in a song which he wrote, and which has been published. The following stanza, which may be considered as a favourable specimen of it, relates to the late Lord Glenbervie, who had been bred to the profession of physic, which he forsook for the law, and rose in the state and obtained a peerage.

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy?
For ne'er be your old trade forgot;
In your arms, rather, quarter
Your pestle and mortar,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot;
Glenbervie,
And your crest be a spruce gallipot."

The same song contains a stanza on Mr. Wilberforce, which exhibits more malice than wit or truth. This gentleman, indeed, was the object of Sheridan's particular spleen, which he showed in a very unjustifiable manner, by giving the name of Wilberforce as his own, to a watchman, who picked him up, when he had fallen down in the street in a state of intoxication.

That Sheridan would not lose his joke on a friend, may be inferred from the ensuing *jeu d'esprit*:—The stamp-duty on receipts was first imposed under the famous Coalition Administration, the great leaders of which, Charles Fox and Lord North, figure in this epigram.

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise
That shall not fall on me:—
"Then tax receipts," Lord North replies,
"For those *you never see*."

The light and lively tone of society in Sheridan's family, in his happiest days, before pecuniary embarrassment had wove its fatal net around him, is described as having been fascinating in the highest degree. Among his own immediate associates, the gaiety of his spirits amounted almost to boyishness. He delighted in all sorts of dramatic tricks and disguises; and the lively parties with which his country-house was always filled, were kept in momentary expectation of some new device for their mystification or amusement. One evening, the ladies having received the gentlemen in masquerade dresses, which, with their obstinate silence, made it impossible to distinguish one from the other, the gentlemen, in their turn, invited the ladies next evening, to a similar trial of conjecture on themselves. Notice being given that they were ready dressed, Mrs. Sheridan and her companions were admitted into the dining-room, where they found a party of Turks, sitting silent and masked, round a table. After a long course of the usual guesses, exclamations, &c. and each lady having taken by the arm, the person she thought herself most sure of, they heard a burst of laughter through the half-opened door, and looking there, saw the gentlemen themselves, in their proper persons,—the masks upon whom they had been lavishing their sagacity, being no other than the maid-servants of the house, who had been thus dressed up to deceive them.

Many other characteristic anecdotes of Sheridan might be adduced, but want of space must preclude their admission: there is, however, a circumstance peculiarly impressive, which occurred at the funeral of this misguided man, which has been published but very lately, and which is too singular to be omitted.

Immediately after the death of Sheridan, his body was removed from his house in Saville-Row, to the residence of his kinsman, Mr. Peter Moore, in Great George Street, Westminster. There it lay in state, to indulge the longing grief of the few friends, who clung to his bleak and shattered fortunes. On the forenoon of the day fixed for his interment, a gentleman dressed in deep mourning entered the house, and requested of the attendant who waited on the chamber of death, to allow him a last look of his departed friend. He professed to have known the deceased early in life, and to have undertaken a long journey, in order to seize a parting glance of his pale features. In compliance with his intreaty, the lid of the coffin was removed, and

the face uncovered. The gentleman gazed some minutes upon it; and then fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a bailiff's staff, and sheriff's warrant, and having touched the face, he told the horror-struck servant, that he had arrested the corpse in the king's name for a debt of £500. Before the requisite explanations had been gone through, the funeral group had assembled. The circumstance was instantly made known to Mr. Canning; who took Lord Sidmouth aside, and requested his advice and assistance; that delay might not mar the progress of the sorrowful train, they generously agreed to discharge the debt; and two cheques for £250 each, were given to the bailiff, and accepted of by him.

This melancholy occurrence, is sufficient to excite the pity of the most censorious towards the fate of poor Sheridan; while in life his feelings were hourly exposed to the rudest shocks; and after death his remains were subjected to violence and insult. What a lesson for the thoughtless and irregular sons of genius! Be their services to mankind however great—let themselves be marked out as the vanguard in the march of mind, or the apostles who paralyse the sceptre of Mammon—misery, wretchedness, and insult, will be their sad doom, unless prudence guide their steps, or sensibility flow in the channels of virtue.

MRS. SIDDONS.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that the theatrical world were indebted to T. Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley, for the introduction of this justly-celebrated actress on the metropolitan stage. The jealousy of Garrick, who could bear no competitor, even in the fair sex, had effectually prevented her obtaining an engagement while his interest pre-dominated; but on the accession of Sheridan to the management, he brought her forward. Mrs. S. (then Miss Kemble) had selected the part of Euphresia in the Grecian daughter, for her *debut*; but the advice of her patron induced her to appear in the more affecting character of Isabella: the bursts of rapturous applause with which her performance was greeted, justified the propriety of the selection. Mrs. S. never forgot this kindness: in the zenith of her prosperity, she styled him—"The father of her fortune and her fame."

LLANSADDON CHURCH-YARD.

"How beautiful are many of our country church-yards, filled with humble graves, and covered with wild flowers! This is the case particularly in Wales. Some country burying-grounds have a character of seclusion and peace, that almost reconciles us to the resignation of life. The mind of man must surely be in a state of aberration, when it is busying itself among the tumults of active life, and toiling amid boisterous crowds in dissatisfaction, or it would not contemplate tranquillity with such pleasure, even the tranquillity of the grave."

Church-yard Wanderings.

DEATH, which wears so revolting an appearance amid the gaudy splendours of the metropolis, seems to lose his terrors in the peaceful retirement of the country. If in the one place he assumes the guise of a spectre, whose influence chills the soul of youth and merriment; in the other, he appears as a sweet vision whispering the words of happiness and peace. In the pompous cemeteries of London, we rear columns to his honour, which are seen, admired, and forgotten: in the country, we build him a temple in the human heart, where memory officiates as high priest, and offers up the incense of affection. The church-yard of Llansaddon, amid whose shades these desultory reflections are written, is a fine practical homily on death. It stands in the bosom of one of the most peaceful landscapes I have ever witnessed, and sleeps in the sweet sunshine of heaven, like the infant God beneath the smiles of the Madona. Its situation speaks so eloquently of eternal repose; the breeze sighs so softly amid its grove of elms, as if fearing to awake the slumber of the departed; that it would almost woo you to your long home.

"If I wish," says Addison, "to indulge melancholy, or to be made wiser and better than I am, I wander among the tombs of Westminster-abbey." A walk through Llansaddon church-yard will produce the same beneficial result. It has not, indeed, the external trappings of gloomy splendour;—no storied arches, no emblazoned cornices, impose their grandeur on the eye; but the deep blue vault of heaven, the morning sunshine, and the mellow twilight, lend it an interest ineffably magnificent. If the organ, amid the choirs of the Abbey, appeals in solemn music to the heart, the summer breeze amid yon grove of elms awakes a deeper strain—an Hosanna to eternity, hymned

upon the threshold of the grave. It is the sight of a church-yard that inspires us with the most fitting ideas of mortality. Here we read the maxims of experience, and learn to set a proper value upon existence. Every worldly emotion—every headlong impulse that sways us in the court, the camp, or the dungeon, dies away within the hallowed precincts of the sepulchre. A sentiment pervades it; it is haunted by the guardian genius of the dead. No guilty affection can live within its charmed circle; for with all its foibles, human nature is generous, and makes the grave a mausoleum of revenge, wherein every harsher feeling is entombed.

But the gloomy superstitions that weaken our national character, have prevented the full exercise of these cheerful and charitable sensibilities. The church-yard is now considered as the resort of malignant influences and at the "witching hour of night" is rarely passed without emotion. Surely this is a mistake that verges on impiety. Is the grave, the only secure abode of gentleness and peace, to be selected as the scene of horror? Is the pleasing remembrance of our buried associates to be connected with a sentiment of apprehension? are we no longer to think of them as friends, but to mistrust them as enemies? If so, farewell at once to all those generous sympathies that connect man with angels, and redeem the baser qualities of his nature.

For my own part, contemplative from habit, and from choice, I can feel no pleasure in society equal to what I derive from rambling through a church-yard. Here I lose my worldly identity, and stand upon the isthmus between two seas—the past and the future. Seated upon some time-worn sepulchre, I enter into the soul-stirring solemnity of the scene. The landscape of my intellect is enlarged by meditation, the winds of heaven blow over it, and I hear the wing of cherubim rustling amid its inmost recesses. Memory rushes like a torrent upon my mind. Hopes blighted—friends buried—feelings chilled or forgotten,—all—all rise to view arrayed in the same sweet freshness which they wore in the morning of existence. Such is the case at present. The shadowy forms of those whom I have loved, now flit before my mind, like the spectral race of Banquo before Macbeth. In their presence I live over again the days that are past; and only when I cast my eyes upon the grey flag-stone, do I feel that they are gone for ever.

How beautiful is the spot where I am seated! how still the landscape that sleeps beneath me! There is hardly breath enough to stir yon grove of elms, for even the rank nettle stands unshaken on the sod. That small mound of earth, that chequers the western quarter of the church-yard, records the decease of some lowly village maiden. What was her simple tale? she died, perhaps, of a broken heart—that malady of young and susceptible females. I can image her gradual decay. It was peaceful as the death of summer, noiseless as the expiring whisper of the breeze. She stole from the world as from a revel, and bade good night to her friends, in the hopes of a happier morrow. The stages of her decline were tardy—dejected spirits, timid shyness, tenderness almost infantine, a fading eye, and a sunken cheek, all conspired to snap the slender ligaments which bound her to the world. At length her cares are ended:—

“After life’s fitful fever, she sleeps well,
Sorrow hath done her worst—nothing
Can touch her further.”

In yon westernmost corner of the grove, I perceive another little tomb, erected to the memory of a parent and an orphan. Who was he that sleeps beneath it? A father, perhaps, who had survived his children, and stood, like a leafless tree, alone in the autumn of his days. His end naturally engenders a serious train of musing, but the death of the young girl extorts a bitterer pang. When age sinks into the tomb, although we mourn, we are easily comforted, for grey hairs are associated with the sepulchre. But there is something inexpressibly awful, when innocence, love, beauty, are thus wrenched from the world. In vain we strive to connect the irrelevant ideas of youth and death, “for when doth winter come, ’ere yet sweet spring has flown?”

For myself, I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman, I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the kind and affectionate wife, absorbed in the exercise of her domestic duties; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for that grave into which she must so soon descend.

Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far, far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to sooth his cares, and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress, she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb, then, without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman, never. The pages of history lie open to the one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. Such, perhaps, was the case with this village maiden. In her may have shone the genius of the poet, with the virtues of the saint—the energy of the man, with the tender softness of the woman. She, too, may have passed unheeded, along the sterile path-way of her existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

The fear of death, which forms the bug-bear of existence to the many, is to me a matter of indifference. I can calmly contemplate the hour, when I shall slumber as soundly as the village girl; and provided, when this idle dream of life is over, I could lie in so secluded a spot as Llansaddon church-yard, with a little sun-shine to brighten on my tomb, a few flowers to wave above it, and a few friends to gladden at my memory, I would this instant be ready to depart. Nor is the boast a vain-glorious one, for life can only be cherished in proportion to the happiness it confers. Upon this principle, Lord Chesterfield looked calmly forward to his decease; because the blessings of existence had long since palled upon his taste.

Another motive for contemplating our decease with calmness, consists in the sympathy of every thing around us. The principles of nature, whether animate or inanimate, tends decidedly to destruction and decay. The friends of our youth fall off—the column moulders in the dust: The flower passes away with its seasons, and death with wasting hand, scatters the blight of ruin over all. Is he a stranger, then, that he should surprise us; or an enemy, that we should distrust his approach? Far from it! he is the night that follows the morning, when the spirit, fatigued by the labours of the day, sits longing for the hour of repose.

Pass but a few years—a few short years of sorrow and disease, and this hour of repose shall overtake us. The church

on which I now gaze—the elm-grove, which now waves its branches in the twilight, shall fall, like myself, a ruin to the earth. The very flag-stone on which I am seated, shall moulder, and of the corpse that sleeps beneath it, not a trace, not a fragment, shall remain. Wave on, then, ye dark groves of Llansaddon, let the spring gale murmur music amid your boughs, and the autumn blast scatter abroad your foliage; for the hour is at hand when all shall be silent and forlorn.

But a truce to reflection—twilight already darkles over the horizon, and the night breeze, from its temple amid yon elms, is offering up an evening hymn. Hark! how gloomily its diaphanon swells and falls upon the ear; now pealing with the deep-toned music of an organ, and now lingering in a dying close upon the gale. It is time to retire; the breeze has sung itself to sleep, and but one faint gleam of day yet glimmers from the storied windows of the church. An instant longer, and I shall be alone, with darkness and the dead.

Stranger! whoever you may be, should chance, inclination, or necessity, lead you to the retirement of South Wales, pay a passing visit to the church-yard of Llansaddon. The peacefulness of its situation will tranquillize—its beauty elevate your soul. Whatever be your fate in life, your fancy will here meet with kindred associations. Have you been a lover? have you listened to the dying voice? have you closed the glaring eye? have you watched the parting moments of the idol of your affections?—look around, and be assured, that many, now lowly laid, have, like yourself, lived and loved in vain. Are you friendless in the world? so were some who lie slumbering beneath your feet. Is your mind untuned by the harsh discords of society? let the moral spirit of the landscape lure it back to peace; for an hour spent in contemplation beside the grave, like a study well directed, is never without its advantages.

D.

EPITAPH ON A FEMALE,

WHO DIED AT THE EARLY AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

Death's icy hand, in life's fair morn,
Untimely chilled the purple tide;
When, like a rose-bud, rudely torn,
She drooped, she lingered, and she died.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRAVELS, TOPOGRAPHY, &c.

TRAVELS IN THE EQUINOCTIAL REGIONS OF THE NEW CONTINENT, from 1799 to 1804, by Alexander de Humboldt and A. Bonpland.—This work, which has lately been published at Paris, is a continuation of the very interesting researches of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, relative to the natural history, antiquities, statistics, &c. of the intertropical regions of America. The accuracy, industry, and philosophical discrimination of those celebrated travellers, have long been well known and justly appreciated. The present volume of their travels relates principally to the West Indies, and contains, like those which preceded it, a vast deal of important information.

WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA, the UNITED STATES, and the ANTILLES, in 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. By Charles Waterton, Esq. 4to. 1825.—The author of this book is a very eccentric tourist, who relates his adventures in such a questionable style, that we hardly know what to make of him. Though he has not, like Gomgam*, or Baron Munchausen, filled his journal with impossibilities, he has at least sprinkled through it a large portion of improbabilities. Those who are merely in search of amusement, will not however be disappointed by the perusal of the "Wanderings" of Mr. Waterton.

THE MISSION TO SIAM AND HUE, the capital of Cochin China, in 1821, 22. From the journal of the late George Finlayson, Esq. With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir T. S. Raffles, F. R. S. 8vo.—It would be impossible, within our limited space, to give an adequate idea of the interesting nature of the contents of this volume. The countries to which it refers are becoming the increasing objects of European curiosity, from the nature of recent transactions, commercial and political. It is needless to say more, than that the present work is well adapted to allay the thirst for intelligence thus excited.

GREECE AND HER CLAIMS. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. 8vo.—This *brochure* is from the pen of a gentleman who has written much on the affairs of the modern Greeks. It appears, from the observations of Mr. Blaquiere, that mismanagement, arising from self-interest on the part of agents, has contributed much to injure the cause of the Greeks at home and abroad.

* "Gongam," is the title of a scarce and curious French romance, published more than a century ago; and some of the adventures contained in it appear to have furnished hints to the author of Baron Munchausen's Travels.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH. Written by Herself. 2 vols. 8vo.—This book belongs to a class of publications with which the English press has lately been inundated. Few persons are better qualified to write such a work than the Margravine of Anspach. She is, (as many of our readers must be aware,) notwithstanding her German title, an English woman, sister of the late Lord Berkeley, and married to Lord Craven, previous to her union with the Margrave. This lady has seen a great deal of life, especially in the higher ranks of society, in various European countries, and of her talents for delineating the result of her observations, she has given ample proof in a work published many years since. Her present production is well stored with amusing anecdote; and it cannot, we think, fail to attract general attention.

THE LIFE OF ERASMUS. By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo.—Erasmus was one of the most eminent classical scholars of the sixteenth century. His life has repeatedly been written; but the work before us, containing a condensed account of the personal history of this great man, and of the state of literature at the important period in which he lived, will still be acceptable to the general reader, and may therefore be commended as a useful and instructive publication.

NOVELS.

STORIES FOR THE CHRISTMAS WEEK. 2 vols. 12mo.—This is an entertaining collection.

SOPHORA, a Hebrew Tale. 2 vols. 8vo.—Religious novels, in general, are a kind of anomalous productions, the effect of which is far from pleasing. They are indeed calculated chiefly for a peculiar class of readers, and cannot therefore be expected to possess that interest with the multitude which is the grand characteristic of a well-written novel. The work before us, however, has more merit than most of its species.

POETRY.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the Lyric Poets. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols. 12mo.—Since the days of Allan Ramsay, many collections have been published of the lyric poetry of Scotland. Mr. Cunningham's work may challenge comparison with those of any of his predecessors. Being himself a poet of no mean abilities, he is well qualified to select and improve what is most worthy of preservation among the scattered lays of former and less fortunate minstrels, and he has executed his task in a very satisfactory manner. The Introduction, and the Biographical Notices, are extremely interesting.

THE PROSPECT, and other Poems. By Edward Moxon. 1826. 12mo.—This is stated, in a prefatory "address," to be "the first production of a very young man; unlettered, self-taught, ignorant of every language except his native tongue, and even imperfect in that." Under such circumstances, the author, as might have been expected, has written verses which we cannot conscientiously commend.

EDUCATION.

THE COMPLETE GOVERNESS: a Course of Mental Instruction for Ladies; with a Notice of the principal Female Accomplishments; intended to facilitate the business of Public Establishments, and abridge the labour of Private Education. By an Experienced Teacher. 1826. 8vo. The subjects treated of in this work, are Grammar, History, Arithmetic, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geography, Botany, Zoology, and Drawing. These are illustrated in a familiar manner, and many important observations are interspersed which deserve the attention of both pupils and teachers. Several verbal inaccuracies occur, some of which do not appear to be mere errors of the press. Thus in pages 92, 93, and 94, a proper name is repeatedly mis-spelt. A table of *errata* ought therefore to have been appended to the volume. Justice to the author requires that we should give the concluding sentence of the prefatory notice. "The Governess, simply, would have been better than the title as it now stands; but as that was appropriated, an epithet became necessary, and the word *complete* was introduced, merely from want of a better."

OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW DRESS; or Select Fables of Æsop, in Verse; to which is now added, a Second Part. 1826. 12mo.—The first edition of the first part of these Fables did not come under our notice. It received the approbation, however, of many of our critical brethren; whose commendations are prefixed to the present enlarged edition. The style of these little pieces is simple and familiar, and they appear to be well adapted for the use of young persons, for whom they are intended.

THE JANUS; or Edinburgh Literary Almanack, for 1826. 8vo.—We have in this volume an agreeable mixture of the serious and the comic, in prose and verse. It seems to have been composed by different authors, and the pieces are of unequal merit; the poetical productions being in general inferior to those in prose. The work, however, is altogether so amusing, that we are happy to learn it is to be continued annually.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Alexander the First.—A Sketch of the Life of the late Emperor of Russia, is preparing for immediate publication.

Mackenzie.—A complete edition of the works of the author of "The Man of Feeling," has recently made its appearance in the French Language.

Literary Property.—The King of France has appointed a Commission to prepare a law for the protection of literary property.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.—It is stated in the Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, that the well known "Letters" of Lady M. W. Montague, are not authentic.

Miss Benger is employed in writing a History of Henry the Fourth of France.

David, the celebrated French painter, (noted for his conduct during the government of Robespierre,) died December 29, 1825.

Modern Libraries.—The five largest Libraries at present in existence are, that of the British Museum, the Royal Library at Paris, the Emperor of Austria's at Vienna, the Vatican Library at Rome, and that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence. The printed catalogue of the first of these magnificent literary collections consists of eight thick octavo volumes; and this does not include manuscripts, recent additions, nor the library presented to the Museum by his present Majesty.

A land-surveyor of Copenhagen has announced some important discoveries in Astronomy. According to his theory, the Moon and Planets shine with an unborrowed light.

The Rev. Dr. Nares is, it is reported, writing the Life of Lord Burleigh, the celebrated Minister of Queen Elizabeth.

Brambletyne House, a Novel, by one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses," will appear shortly.

It is the intention of some liberal Members of the Corporation to move to have a Museum of such antiquities as may be found in the City, added to the library which the Corporation are now forming.—It is a pity that this was not done before, as many antiquities, for want of a repository, have been lost.

Mr. Ramage has arrived in town with his large reflecting telescope, which is to be fixed up at the Greenwich Observatory. It is much more simple in its construction, and more powerful in its effect, than the large telescope constructed by Herschell. It may be managed without an assistant, whilst Herschell's required two men.

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Fashionable Ball & Walking Dresses for Feb. 1826

Invented by Miss Corpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. Feb. 21. 1826. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1826.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of white net over amber-coloured satin, ornamented with two rows of full satin *rouleaux*, placed on the border *en limaçon*. The body is plain, and surrounded with a row of embossed foliage across the bust; the sleeves are short and full, and fastened at the centre with a trimming to correspond with the border of the dress. The hair is neatly arranged in large curls, and adorned with a few simple wild roses near the right side. A silk scarf is thrown carelessly over the shoulder. Necklace of twisted pearls. White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A PELISSE of slate-coloured *gros de Naples*. The body is made *en gerbe*; the collar is formed by full puffs, divided by satin annulets. The sleeves are shaped to the arm, and finished by *mancherons*, consisting of a row of plaited *gros de Naples*, pinked at the edges. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with the same material, edged round with pink satin. The summit of the crown is ornamented with a French star of velvet and pink satin. Limerick gloves, and boots of the colour of the dress.

HEAD-DRESS.—The most elegant and fashionable head-dress, at present worn in London, scarcely differs, in any respect, from the Parisian style: the front hair divided on the side, and drest in very large curls, bringing part of the fulness on the middle of the forehead; the long hair arranged in bows, extending entirely across the head, but brought rather forward, and varied by the introduction of a few large full curls.

This head-dress, with the addition of a few gold, or coloured flowers, intermingled with taste among the bows, produces the most elegant and beautiful appearance.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the Head-dresses, to MR. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

THE newest out-door envelope for the carriage, is a beautiful mantle of levantine, of a bright amber colour, lined with white taffety; the sides and border are elegantly quilted, in waves, and the whole mantle wadded throughout. It is worn also for the promenade. Black velvet pelisses, fastening, imperceptibly, down the front of the skirt, with gold springs, are much in request. Cloaks of black satin, with capes of black velvet, are very general. With these are invariably worn a black velvet hat, ornamented with shaded riband. We were highly pleased with one or two walking pelisses of very fine cloth, of a claret colour; they were beautifully trimmed with light sable. Silk pelisses fasten down in a very ingenious way, the fastenings being so concealed, that they have all the appearance of round dresses.

Black velvet hats, are, as usual, very general at this season of the year; those for the carriage are very tastefully trimmed; many of them are ornamented with pink satin, and plumes of cocks' feathers; a large bow of pink satin riband is on the hair under the hat, on the left side. The crown of some hats is ornamented with a profusion of velvet bows, and a gold slider in the centre; rose-coloured strings, the same as the riband round the throat, which ties two bows and long ends, supporting a *collarete* of worked muslin.

Bonnets of black watered *gros de Naples*, for walking costume, are much admired; they are very large, and simply ornamented by a single bow of the same material.

Dresses of levantine, trimmed with *rouleaux* of crape, entwined with silver, are greatly admired, for evening parties. White satin dresses, trimmed in a very novel way, have a beautiful effect. Six narrow flounces, set on in full flutings, surround the border; three of these fall down over each other, while the other three are reversed, and the flounces stand upward; they are divided by a full *rouleau* of white satin. Pink sarsnet dresses, with long sleeves of white Japanese gauze, are much worn by young ladies, at dinner-parties; a full wadded ornament, of which there are two rows, surrounds the skirt: it is formed in alternate diamonds or squares of black velvet and pink satin. The bodies are made quite plain, and very simply trimmed round the bust, with narrow black

velvet. Over the white sleeve is a *mancheron* of pink satin, bound round with black velvet.

An evening dress of geranium coloured *gros de Naples*, has been very much admired. The *corsage* is made to fit the shape; the front is rather high, but lower on the shoulders, and trimmed round the top with a notched *ruche* of the same material; a light folded drapery, in the form of a stomacher, adorns the bust. The sleeve is short and full, and set in a satin corded band, with long white sleeves of *crêpe lisse*, inserted at the shoulder, and confined at the wrist with broad bead bracelets, and ornamented *mancherons*. The skirt is made to wrap, and flows off from the left side, and is shaped circularly on the right, just above the wadded hem of the petticoat, and is trimmed with two double *ruches*, notched, which have a very pretty effect. The *ceinture* is of *gros de Naples*, edged with corded satin, of the same colour.

A home cornette of a novel description, has lately appeared. It has remarkably long lappets, edged round with handsome blond; the head-piece is trimmed with a profusion of blond and bows of riband, of two different colours; the most approved are violet colour and amber; one bow of each colour is placed against the other, which has a lively and pleasing effect. A dress hat of white satin, edged with pearls, forms a beautiful evening head-dress. On the right side, the hat is cut sloping, and each square finished by pearls; over the left side depends an end with rich tassel fringe of pearls. The whole is surmounted by short feathers of shaded scarlet, beautifully playing over the crown and part of the brim. For home costume, many ladies wear a French turban of pink crape, with a band of black velvet, next the hair, and a bow and tassel of black, on the left side. A very beautiful black velvet turban, of a new and becoming shape, has been much admired. It is beautifully enriched by strings of pearls, twisted over it, and crowned with a plume of white marabout feathers. The hair of young ladies is tastefully arranged in ringlets, clustered curls, and bows, and simply adorned with rows of pearls, and a few full-blown flowers.

The most fashionable colours are pink, bright geranium, corn-flower blue, claret, and amber.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

ROBES of velvet, of a dark green, blue, or Haytian colour, are very generally adopted since the cold weather has set in. Those for the promenade are trimmed with chinchilla or sable fur, and have the *corsage* raised and buttoned behind. When intended for evening robes, they are ornamented with bias satin, surrounded with gold twisted work or embroidery, at the bottom of the petticoat: the *corsage* is then made in a square form.—Cloth mantles increase in favour daily. The newest are of bird of paradise colour, lined with red velvet; a great many are of deep green, Byron colour, and bronze. They are fastened by a simple knot of riband corresponding with the shades of the lining. Among the newest walking dresses are the following—A merino robe, embroidered in silk of the same colour. The body is made high and full, and simply confined with an embroidered strap across the chest. A double ruff, fastened with a broad sarsnet bow, is worn with this dress. The sleeves are full, tapering to the wrist, and finished with a gold bracelet.—Hat of *gros des Indes*, ornamented with Hortensia flowers.—Another robe of black *gros des Indes*, is much admired. The border is ornamented with a handsome trimming of the same material. Over this dress is worn a cloak or a mantle of cloth, finished with a palatine or cape, embroidered with silk plaitings.—Black velvet hat, ornamented with white feathers.

Among the hats we have remarked some of green velvet, ornamented with three tufts of white plumes, separated by large plaits of velvet. Another charming hat is of deep scarlet velvet, ornamented with three white plumes, intermixed with a large gold twist, which fixes them in various directions.

A handsome evening toilet is composed of a robe of black satin, with long and wide clear sleeves; a black velvet toque is almost entirely concealed by a bunch of long plumes, some white and others red. A white and cherry shaded scarf completes this charming calf-dress.

An evening dress of green velvet, trimmed with gold, is considered in good taste, during the severity of winter. The border is ornamented with a *rouleau* twisted with gold cording, and confined round the waist with a gold girdle, tied on the left side.—Head-dress—The hair is arranged in full curls, with

plaitings brought to the top of the head in bows, and finished with two birds of paradise.

Scotch satins are used with the greatest success in grand toilet. Those which we have seen are of a brilliant and admirable reflection of light. The colours *oreille d'ours*, blue, and cherry red, predominate in the grounds, and the squares are excessively large. We must, however, except some robes of the same satin, the squares of which, crossed by narrow lines, render the stuff much more adapted to ladies of small stature. Scotch satins are also used for scarfs: they are bordered with a long fringe formed of the same stuff.

A very beautiful ball-dress was displayed very recently on a lady of high fashion. It consisted of a gauze robe of sulphur colour, trimmed with blue satin. Other robes of tulle, ornamented with *bas-reliefs* worked in white silk, which form the border of the petticoat, and traverse diagonally, producing a very fine effect. The short sleeves continue to be embellished in a variety of ways, such as flaps of satin, shells of blond, *rouleaux* of all descriptions, embroidery, &c.

Since the use of cloaks, the home toilets are reduced to simple robes, or redingotes, of merino. Ladies at this moment are chiefly occupied with ball dresses; thus the milliners' shops are crammed with gauze puffings, satin *rouleaux*, flowers, &c. Garlands of flowers in gold are much sought after for full dress. Among those of a less elegant, but not less graceful, kind are garlands of thistle flowers, terminated by a bouquet which is entwined in the hair surrounding the comb. The most elegant ladies wear toques and turbans of black velvet; but the arrangement and richness of the ornaments widely differ from the simple *berrets* of velvet which are now so generally worn. A beautiful blond, supported by branches of that admired flower, the Forget Me Not, and raised over a simple riband which encircles the head, proves to us that the rage for bonnets *à l'Isabey* is not yet over. In fact, it is impossible to abandon a head-dress which sits so well, and which has the merit of uniting the *neglige* with elegance.

The rage for bracelets is universal. To multiply their number, ladies of the highest rank do not scruple to sacrifice the beauty of their arms by covering them with cameos and jewels from the wrist to the elbows.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EXTRACT FROM "ÆNONE,"

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

* * * * *

He met her first
When flowers and fruits were fragrant on the earth,
(The idolatry of nature!) and the thirst
Which he had felt for beauty since his birth
Was quenched in a draught of thrilling joy:
—She sang an ancient and unused song
That told of goodness bowing before wrong,
And evil spirits wand'ring to destroy,—
And, sorrowing, spake of things that work annoy.
—And she subdued his spirit; and he thought
What undiminished happiness it were
To dwell for ever with that maiden there,
Making their own Elisium! and he wrought
His soul into fond extacies, and deemed
She was a being holier than she seemed;
And in a worshipping attitude he drew
Nigh unto where she stood, and spake, (but knew
Not wherefore) in beseeching strain
That she would grant him succour in his pain,—
—She gazed, and his dull breathing ceased awhile,
Beholding the divineness of her smile!
He felt it thrill throughout his frame, and glow
With a most holy rapture!—as he neared
The spot whereon she stood, he feared,
Yet flew with gasping haste to bow
In prostrate adoration!
And as he knelt, the odour of her sighs
Scented the silent air! she bade him rise,
And prayed companionship (that untold smile
Hung on her coral lip, and did beguile
His soul of all remembrances, save one,
And that absorbed his being—) "She was alone,"
She said, "and had no friend!" and then she bade him come
And dwell for ever in her woodland home!

* * * * *

VALENTIA.

PARTING.

Iterum, iterumque vale;

Oh! for a tear to soothe the grief
That rends my toil-worn bosom now—
Oh! for a spell to ban despair
And scare her from my brow!

I cannot weep, for blissful tears
Are given to those who lightly feel—
They never weep, whose madden'd souls
With fiery tortures reel!

Yet though I pour no outward tears,
Nor deck my face in sabled pain—
The heart! the heart! 'tis steeped in woe;—
—'Twill ne'er be glad again!

Farewell! our day of joy is o'er,—
We cannot hope for earthly bliss—
We meet again in another world,
But never more in this!

VALENTIA.

THE VESSEL COMING IN.

A SONNET.

BORNE on the mighty billows of the tide,
From distant lands the sons of ocean come;
Spreading their amplest sails, they quickly glide
Over the deep, impatient for their home.

See! on the pier,—a mother takes her stand,
With varied countenance of fear and joy,
She, in her arms, exulting clasps her boy,
Long ere he springs on his dear native land.

The wife, the tender partner of her care
Expects,—and eager eyes the distant sail;
The prattlers point, and say, "My father's there!"
And all the infant group his coming hail.

Dear is the hope—that on a fairer shore,
I too shall meet my friends—and part no more.

LINES TO A NUN.

CANST thou, my friend, forgive the thought
That mourns our early, last farewell,—
That, wandering from the world, unsought,
Strays to thy pensive, silent cell?

Oh Laura! loved and envied maid!
If, in thy calm retreat reclined,
Thy peaceful soul has e'er surveyed
The weary world thou leav'st behind—

Hast thou recalled in that survey,
The friend to early childhood dear?
Or mourned the last sad parting day,
That left her, lone, unfriended here?

Alas! how oft I've mourned that hour,
But oh! how sadly vain to mourn,
To think how gay I passed the flower,
And pressed the rank, but gilded thorn!

Why did I in that hour refuse
Amid thy native rocks to dwell!
With this the peaceful cloister chuse
And bid the faithless world farewell!

The plaintive voice, the pleading eye,
That turned so oft' to plead again;—
Th' extended hand, th' upbraiding sigh,
Why did they, Laura, plead in vain?

Ah, fatal hour! with thee to part,
And choose the world's unfriendly shore:
Canst thou forgive this foolish heart,
Now the vain dream of youth is o'er?

For oh! misfortune's endless night
Sheds o'er the scene a fadeless gloom;
And stern affliction's low'ring blight
Leaves nought but desolation's tomb.

How gladly now I'd blot the past,
And every early hope resign,
To dwell and sleep with thee at last,
Beneath St. Kilda's hallowed shrine!

ANNETTE TURNER.

HOPE.

THERE is, in life, a soothing ray
That shines beyond deep sorrow's scope,
That chases thoughts of gloom away,
And bears us up;—'tis pleasing Hope!

When from our friends we're doomed to part,
And fonder feelings wildly droop,—
What raises up the sinking heart,
But the sweet lucent ray of Hope?

Oh, how the heart would droop beneath
Oppression's cold and chilling blast,
Were not that bright and sunny wreath
To gild the shadows as they past!

Far hence, ye shades of sadness, roll,—
Come, radiant Hope, and shed thy light
Of gladness round my franchised soul,
And let my dreams of life be bright.

No. 17, E. St.

TO * * * * *

If memory should ever bring
A thought of past and joyous hours,
Oh, think of me,—a blighted thing,—
A withered bud 'mid blooming flowers.

Those days are past, those hours are gone,
When life seemed but a dream of bliss;
Alas! that early dream has flown,
And I must seek forgetfulness!

'Twere vain to weep,—the flowers that grew
In young life's path were all too fair,
And bore too bright each lovely hue,
To hold a long existence there.

Whene'er you see a faded leaf
Hang ling'ring on its parent tree,
Whose green spring hues have been as brief
And bright as mine,—remember me.

No. 17, E. St.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT, KINGSGATE.

THERE'S an Iris encircles our fate,
 There's a promise that never is riven;
 There's a day-star that shining, though late,
 Illumes souls into misery driven.

There's a rest for the gay and the grave,
 There's a kingdom that mercy enshrines;
 There's a Prince who delighteth to save
 The penitent covered with crimes.

There's a love that no arts can allure,
 There's an anchor no tempest can sever;
 There's a light in life's loneliness sure,—
 Let us praise it for ever and ever.

OPHELIA.

THE ROSE ECLIPSED.

ACCEPT, dear maid, this beauteous rose,
 To deck thy breast so fair;
 Observe its hue, nor wonder why
 It blushes to be there.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We sincerely commiserate the unhappy situation of G. E. G—y, but as we fear his Sonnet is but ill calculated to excite compunction in "Mary's" breast; and would not elevate him as a poet, in the estimation of our readers, we decline its insertion.

The continuation of Scenes in London, and its Environs, is too uninteresting to offer to our Readers.

We beg to call the attention of some among our regular Correspondents to the inaccuracy of their contributions—originating, no doubt, in haste; but injurious to their own reputation, as well as detrimental to the interests of the Museum. Verbum sat—

To Ada's Enquiry and complaint we promise attention.

We have received one or two Prize Essays, which we cannot, at present, more particularly specify.

Several contributions are received, which will be specially noticed in our next.

Stanzas by W. L. R. are received, and will appear in our next.

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J. J. Reynolds Pin.

T. Wooler Sculp.

Margravine of Aspach.

Pub. March 1. 1825. by Dean & Munday, Throatneedle Street.